The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

SEPTEMBER 1951

Pink Sky with Pintails, Delta Marsh — *Peter Scott*

Peter Scott Paintings **York Boat Journey** **Peter Freuchen**

Queen Mary, after visiting the Festival of Britain Fur Exhibition in July, leaves Beaver House accompanied by Governor Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper. Behind them are R. A. Reynolds, chairman of the organizing committee of the exhibition and secretary of the Company, and A. F. Frayling, manager of the London Fur Department.

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CONTENTS

OUTFIT 282 SEPTEMBER 1951

Out of the Stone Age—*Peter Freuchen* 3

Waveys Over the Bay—*Ben East* 10

Gold on Cheechako Hill—*Nevill Armstrong* 14

Stamps of the North—*Ernest A. Kehr* 17

Interrupted Journey—*L. A. Learmonth* 20

Over Manitoba Marshes—*Peter Scott and Albert Hochbaum* 26

York Boat Journal—*Isobel Finlayson* 32

The Beaver's Lodge—*Frank Conibear* 36

Beauty's Only Skin Deep—*D. Leechman* 38

Successor to Simpson—*B. A. Mc Kelvie* 41

Ogden's Journals—*Dorothy O. Johansen* 46

Fall Packet 48

Book Reviews 49

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Out of the STONE AGE

A well known Arctic explorer and writer tells of the changes that have been wrought in the lives of the Eskimos since he first went among them.

by Peter Freuchen

Drawings by Lloyd Scott

THIRTY years have gone by already since I first came to Hudson Bay. To me it does not seem like a long time, but I can see the tremendous change that has taken place during these years. I have experienced the advance of civilization and I have seen the natives slowly accept the ideas of the outside world—for the Arctic regions are by no means immune to progress and new developments.

It has been claimed over and over again by thoughtless people that the native man was far better and happier before he met the white man with his inventions and tools. I have seen any number of films and read countless books with the same theme, whether the native in question was a negro or a Polynesian, an Indian or an Eskimo. The story is always the same. The native tribe was happy and carefree, innocent and well off until the evil day when the white men arrived. That day marked the beginning of their inevitable doom. They were torn from their native Eden, infested with disease and vice and soon the tribe broke up and perished.

I have never been able to understand why the white man should insist on seeing himself in this unfavourable light. I know from personal experience that this picture is entirely wrong in the case of the Eskimos and the Indians in the far north. I know them both quite well and I have a certain right to speak about them since I am one of the last civilized men who met the Eskimos when they still lived like men in the stone age. In Committee Bay I met Eskimos who had no knives. The only cutting instruments they had were made of old metal straps from barrels. For flensing they used sharp stones or knives made of bone. They were walrus hunters and it would take them days to flense and cut up one single walrus. And while they worked with their miserable tools, maybe hundreds of walrus would pass by their camp. If they had had steel knives, as they do now, the whole job would be done in half an hour and they could get out again while the hunting was still good and maybe get a whole winter's supply in a day or two.

I have been caribou hunting with the natives on the tundra of the North-West Territories. Hunting is not easy on the tundra—the endless, barren, flat land where there is no rock, no bush, nothing to hide behind. When the caribou stay together in herds they are safe because they have a clear view in all directions. To get at them one has to sneak up to them from a great distance, against the wind. After a while one has to crawl on the snow and finally to lie down flat on the stomach without moving and wait until the animals come close enough for the range of the weapons

at hand. The caribou have very poor eyes, but an excellent nose. They get no clear pictures of fairly close objects as long as they are stationary. As long as the Eskimos don't move the animals may come within their range, but if they make one careless movement the caribou are gone.

The Eskimos had a very hard job in the days when they did their hunting with bow and arrow. In winter they might wait for days and days until the animal came close enough for the very limited range of their arrows, and they often had to return empty-handed—not because they were lazy or careless but simply because their primitive weapons did not go far enough and their aim never could be sure enough. Today the Eskimos all have rifles. They can get more meat, more furs, more supplies of every kind and their life is more secure than before.

Those who believe in the unfailing, original bliss of the natives might do well to remember some of the discoveries of the archaeologists. They have found native villages where the whole population had perished in some sudden catastrophe. The tools and equipment were still there, and skeletons of people of all ages. One thing is certain: the people who thus give valuable material to the archaeologists did not live a happy life and met a tragic end.

I have come across such ruins in the extreme north of Canada. I have seen the pitiful remains of people who perished in some unknown disaster. For various reasons famine seemed the only reasonable cause for the tragedy. One illustration will suffice. In the ruins we found skeletons of dogs whose skulls had been cracked in order to remove the brains. Such a thing is obviously done only by starving people. The last thing an Eskimo will do is to kill his dog. In the ice covered country he is quite helpless without a dog to pull his sleigh.

Or consider the importance of the humble match. Like most people I have read countless stories of explorers running out of matches. But that never bothered them as long as the natives were there to help them. In less time than it takes to tell the Indian or the Eskimo would provide a roaring fire by rubbing together the proverbial sticks of wood. People who write such stories have obviously never been the ones who were compelled to make fire in this primitive way.

I have tried it myself. During the first world war I was the only white man living in Thule in northern Greenland. From Thule we made long trips across Smith Sound to Ellesmere Land where hunting was then still permitted. We crossed the ice from Etah to the rich hunting grounds on the other side of the sound. On one such trip we ran out

of matches. We all knew the old method of making fire by rubbing two sticks of wood, but we had no idea just how slow and difficult it was. Two men sit facing each other pulling as fast as possible the string which is attached to the vertical stick grinding back and forth in the same spot on the horizontal stick. There must be no slackening of the speed. If the arm gets tired, which it always does, and one stops for a second or two for a rest or to change position, the sticks cool off and one has to start all over again. If there is the least breath of wind it is impossible to produce a flame, the whole struggle has been in vain and in the end one eats frozen, raw meat for supper and breakfast. No, it's a pretty good thing to be able to pull a box of matches out of your pocket and get fire at any time.

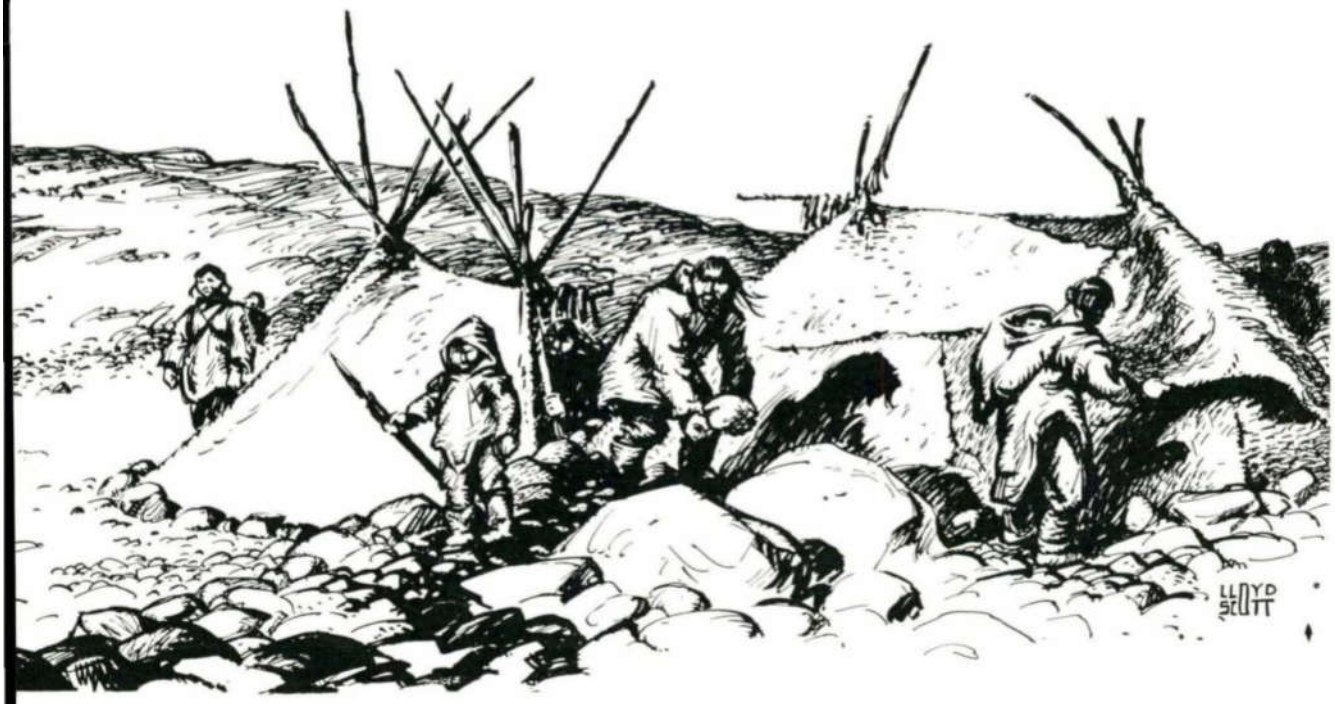
Think of the old cooking utensils made of stone. One needed time and patience to prepare food in those old pots. Among the Eskimos there grew up a class of people whose job it was to tell stories and make the impatiently waiting people forget the food which never boiled.

The Hudson's Bay Company has done more than any other company in the world to make life simpler and easier for the people living in the far north. True enough, I have heard stories about the Hudson's Bay Company exploiting the "innocent" native population, but such tales always proved to originate with people who had no personal knowledge of the facts. Such accusations have never been made by people who have been able to observe objectively the actual situation.

The Eskimos live further north than anybody else in the world. Where they came from, why they went so far north, why they are there, nobody can tell. The answers to such questions are lost in the dark fog of the past. The one thing which seems clear is that they did not voluntarily leave the forest land to settle down on the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

Once they were there, the struggle for survival taught them to be independent of the forests. Instead of the bark which the Indians used for their canoes, the Eskimos learned how to cover their boats with seal skins and walrus skins. Since they had to make their homes without wood, they constructed their famous igloos. They deserve a great deal of respect, these hardy people, not only for being able to stay alive, but for developing a spiritual and economic culture where no other human beings could live. It is true, of course, that the Eskimos were compelled to develop that hardiness without which they could not exist and their present admirable characteristics are a result of a natural selection in the struggle for survival.

But the fact remains that their existence was hazardous and insecure before the arrival of the white man in the Arctic. Any unexpected event, the least change in their routine, might lead to disaster. A lack of ice at the right time meant starvation, perhaps, because fishing and hunting trips had to be postponed indefinitely. When the Eskimos constantly set out on long and hazardous journeys it was not only due to inclination or restlessness. Their daily needs made it imperative for them to be at the right spot just when they would find the animals necessary for their survival. They needed lard which they could only get from sea animals, but at the same time they had to go far inland to get caribou skin and the sinews they used for threads. They needed walrus skins and sealskins but they



also had to fish for salmon in the lakes. On the tiny islands far out at sea they found their birds and eggs. All year round the Eskimos had to be on the go. Their cooking utensils were made of stone and to renew them the Eskimos had to travel a considerable distance before they found the right kind of soft stone. Such expeditions might take a year or two, and fashioning the stone into pots and pans was a strenuous job which demanded a great deal of time and patience with the primitive tools at their disposal.

All that is different today. The coming of the white trader has meant salvation for a great many villages, perhaps for the greater part of the population in the northernmost part of the world. The Hudson's Bay Company moved into remote regions where nobody else could or would invest capital, and the name became synonymous with security and comfort to the natives. The establishment of regular trade routes meant a revolution in the Arctic form of life. One of the results was an improvement in health which an outsider can hardly believe. Those who talk so glibly of conditions in the Arctic after spending a month or two there, have virtually no idea how vastly the life of the Eskimos has changed since the arrival of the traders.

I want to stress that it is the *regular* exchange of trade which has been so important. There have been many so-called "free traders" who had no scruples in their dealings with the natives. They grabbed what they could and disregarded the fact that the Eskimos might be much worse off than before once the trader left, once they could no longer get what they had learned to depend on for their comfort. Once a native has had some tool which makes life a little easier, it is much harder for him to do without it than if he had never known anything but his old primitive way of life. I have met many Eskimos who had rifles without any possibility of getting ammunition. I have known Eskimos who had paid dearly for their primus stoves which they could not use since they were hundreds of miles away from the nearest fuel supply.

Maybe a few personal experiences will show better than many words what the "native bliss" really was like.

There used to be a small settlement of Eskimos on an island called Igloolik in the eastern part of the Fury and Hecla Strait. The place was a veritable wild life paradise. There were seals and reindeer and walrus. In spring there is an overbundance of eggs. There are polar bears and foxes and plenty of salmon in the lakes. I don't think I have seen better hunting any place in the world. No wonder these Eskimos settled down permanently.

The following events took place in 1921 when there was no such thing as commercial flying in the Arctic. Boats could not get through the heavy ice north of Hudson Bay and no regular traffic by sea was possible. Igiloolik was close to inaccessible but a wonderful place for people who felt independent of civilisation and trading posts.

Once in a long while the Eskimos made a shopping expedition to Fullerton, the closest place to the south, or up to Pond's Inlet where a Hudson's Bay Post had just been established. In previous years the natives had sometimes gone up to the eastern tip of Bylot Island to wait for the whalers, but it was a hazardous undertaking. Sometimes the whalers did not show up and sometimes they could just be seen far out at sea while ice kept them from approaching the coast. By then the Eskimo might have to wait until the next year before they could cross Baffin Island. The Eskimos said that the establishment of the new post at Pond's Inlet meant the opening of a whole new era of security, since they could go there, do the shopping and return again all in the span of one year.

They had more fox furs than they knew what to do with in Igloolik, but they had none of the things they could get in exchange for their furs. At last a group of the

Eskimos on the island decided to make the long trip to Pond's Inlet. There was great excitement in the village since they would be gone a whole year. Their friends and neighbors gave them commissions of every kind as they prepared for the long journey by sewing new clothes, a strenuous job since sewing needles were among the most sorely needed objects. As soon as daylight was beginning to return to Igloolik after the dark winter, the Eskimos set out on the road to Pond's Inlet. They were all used to spending their days on dog sleds and their nights in a snow hut, and they made slow progress with their very

primitive equipment. One of the things they had to do without was wood for making sleds. In the village there were two wooden komatiks, but since the travelling party was going to a region where they could get more wood, they had decided to let their friends who stayed behind, keep these precious sleds.

They made their komatiks in the same ancient way it had always been done in treeless regions. First they rolled several caribou skins tightly together. Next the long, narrow roll was pushed through a hole in the ice of a lake and left in the water until it was thoroughly soaked. Finally the dripping roll was put on the ice, covered with heavy iceblocks and left there to freeze in the right shape. Soon the Eskimos had two stiff, strong even if somewhat heavy runners which would last the whole trip. For cross-bars they used large salmon which had been frozen the same way, or walrus meat which had been cut to the right size and shape. The result was not a very snappy looking, but a useful and serviceable sleigh with the extra advantage that it contained spare supplies for an emergency. And they set off happily with these sleighs for the long run across Baffin Island.

The island is very well suited for this primitive means of transportation, except for some large stretches of deep, soft snow which slow down the sleds. The people from Igloolik made fairly good progress, but not as rapid as they expected since the snow was exceptionally deep that year. They didn't mind, however, since they were in no great hurry.

Every evening the Eskimos would put sleighs, harness, and all the supplies on top of very high snow piles, beyond the reach of the constantly hungry dogs. One night they were all asleep in their warm huts when something which is feared above all in the Arctic winter took place outside in the darkness. A spell of mild weather set in. Most people who have travelled in the Arctic know this phenomenon. In the bitter cold a warm wind will suddenly send the temperature above the freezing point and everything starts dripping. Clothes get soaking wet and a great part of one's food may be ruined. It is most unpleasant when it occurs, but to the Eskimos from Igloolik it was much worse than unpleasant. It spelled disaster for all of them.

In their three huts they were sound asleep, oblivious of the outside world. They were exhausted from a long day's driving, and a change of weather was not enough to wake them up. They did not know that their sleighs were thawing, getting soft, slipping off the snow piles. In their sleep they had no idea of the terrible thing that was taking place outside. But their dogs did not sleep, for they knew what was happening. In no time the hungry animals had eaten the sleighs—runners, cross bars and all. The food supplies, harness, clothes—all went the same way. The Eskimo dog knows how to hurry when unexpected food comes within his reach.

The Eskimos did not wake up until some of them felt the roof of the igloo sinking. Then it was too late. The dogs had left nothing. No food, no means of transportation left. And as their bad luck would have it, the mild weather had met them in a district where the hunting was exceptionally poor. There was hardly a chance of catching anything to eat—and no possibility of going on without sleighs.

They were soon tortured by hunger. The dogs were rationed, eaten one by one, but they did not last long. The Eskimos ate all the clothes they could do without. Any hope they may have had of being rescued in time, rapidly dwindled. Soon death claimed its first victim, then another. The living ate the flesh of their dead friends. Eskimos are no cannibals, but they may be forced to commit acts beyond human judgment.

Nobody knew of the fate which befell the lonely travellers. Nobody expected to see them again until nearly a year had passed, and there was no cause for alarm. Even if people in the outside world had known what had happened to them, there was little chance of anyone coming to their aid in time. . . .

Later on in spring when the sunshine lasted all through the night, an Eskimo named Patlok crossed Baffin Island with his wife. He was a prosperous man, had his own beautiful wooden komatik and could go to the trading

post every other year if he wanted to. It was Patlok who discovered the lost travellers. One morning his dogs behaved strangely. After a great deal of sniffing in the air, they changed their course and began speeding up. Patlok thought they would lead him to a herd of caribou or some other game, and he let them follow their own course.

At last he found a tiny, broken down snow hut. And he found two old women. At first he could hardly believe that they were human beings. They were too weak to move and they could hardly talk. They had eaten their clothes until there was hardly a thread left on them. He carried them to his sleigh and began questioning the stronger of the two, an old woman called Atakutaluk.

"Where are the others?" Patlok asked.

"One does not know," was the answer. After a long pause Patlok asked again:

"Have human beings been eaten here?"

"One knows nothing," the old woman answered, but she pointed to a big snowpile behind the remnants of a snow hut. When Patlok looked further, he found the bones of the other people, those who had starved to death. Some of the larger bones had been split in two to remove the marrow.

Patlok offered food to the old women, but he warned them. After a long period of starvation, the sufferer has actually no pain any more and it takes quite an effort to swallow food. Once the starved man begins eating again, the pains come and then the dreadful hunger returns. The first few days are very critical since it is easy to eat more than the starved system can take.

Atakutaluk was a wise and strong old woman. She controlled her hunger, eating only a little at a time and not very often. The other woman could not resist the temptation. She jumped on the food and when the others warned her against overeating she cried and screamed for more food. Patlok had food enough and he did not have the heart to keep it away from her. But she did not eat as much as she wanted. After a short while she began vomiting and complained of sharp pains in the stomach. She did not get much out of her rescue. In a few days she died.

Atakutaluk, who knew the art of self control, lived to a ripe old age. She was the one who told me of the tragedy.

What can one say to a woman calmly describing such a disaster? I listened to her and found no words. But Atakutaluk was an Eskimo. She saw that I was deeply

impressed, that I was shocked when she told of eating her husband and her three children. It is considered very impolite for an Eskimo to "remove the smile from the face of a guest" and Atakutaluk hastened to reassure me. She had found herself a new husband, she told me. And she had given him three new children so she had no longer any debt to the "Great Being."

Such a story was not unique in the old days. A great many similar tragedies took place among the Eskimos, but they do not happen any more. Arctic life is growing ever more secure and the population is increasing year by year. Eskimos in places like Igloolik all have wooden sleighs these days and a pot made of stone is only a curiosity. There is hardly an Eskimo who does not have the most modern tools and weapons. They are available to him in the trading posts. Everything which serves a good purpose has become part of Arctic life. Other things which failed to pass the test, have disappeared and are no longer part of that regular exchange of goods between the trader and the Eskimo which has resulted in such great benefits to the natives of the Arctic. •

WAVEYS OVER THE BAY

The migrating of the geese across the marshes of James Bay forms one of the most thrilling wildlife spectacles on this continent.

Story and Pictures
by Ben East

A GALE out of the north is sweeping in over the wide, level salt marshes that lie west of the mouth of the Harricanaw, at the foot of James Bay. The bronze grass of those empty sea meadows bends flat before the wind. Rain and wet snow slant across the tide flats like shot driven by the storm, and golden leaves eddy down in small windrows under the willows at the edge of the muskeg, a mile or more inland from the shore.

On a jutting point where a tongue of marsh thrusts out toward the sea there is a tiny, low clump of willows, misplaced, isolated there in the grass, not high enough to hide the head and shoulders of the man kneeling in its center.

Upwind from the willow clump squarish lumps of blue mud, turned upside down in the marsh, form an odd cluster. Each of these lumps of inverted turf is topped with a tuft of white feathers like a small upthrust war bonnet, and at a little distance they look astonishingly like motionless blue geese standing in the marsh with white heads and necks lifted above the grass—which is precisely what they are meant to do.

For the willow clump out of place there at the edge of the sea is no accident of nature. It is a small pen or corral, painstakingly built at daybreak, and the figure kneeling in it is a Cree hunter from Rupert's House.

A Cree goose hunter in his willow blind on the shore of James Bay.

He is dressed for the day and the weather, his feet encased in rubber boots, a heavy canvas parka pulled over his woollen shirt, its fringe of fox fur keeping the worst of the wind and rain out of his eyes. A rusted 12-gauge double-barrel shotgun rests across his knees, and his face is turned up to scan the stormy sky with eagerness and primitive hunger.

That sky is strung with skeins of wildfowl like strings of black beads hung across the leaden clouds. They are coming out of the north, flock after flock, as far as the eye can penetrate the storm. Clots of black ducks beat their way south with swift-pulsing wings. Smaller teal come rocketing high over the marsh, driven at terrific speed by the wind. And higher up, riding the gale down the coast to these pasture grounds that have drawn them for a thousand miles, great bands of blue and snow waveys drift along in broken V's and long curving lines.

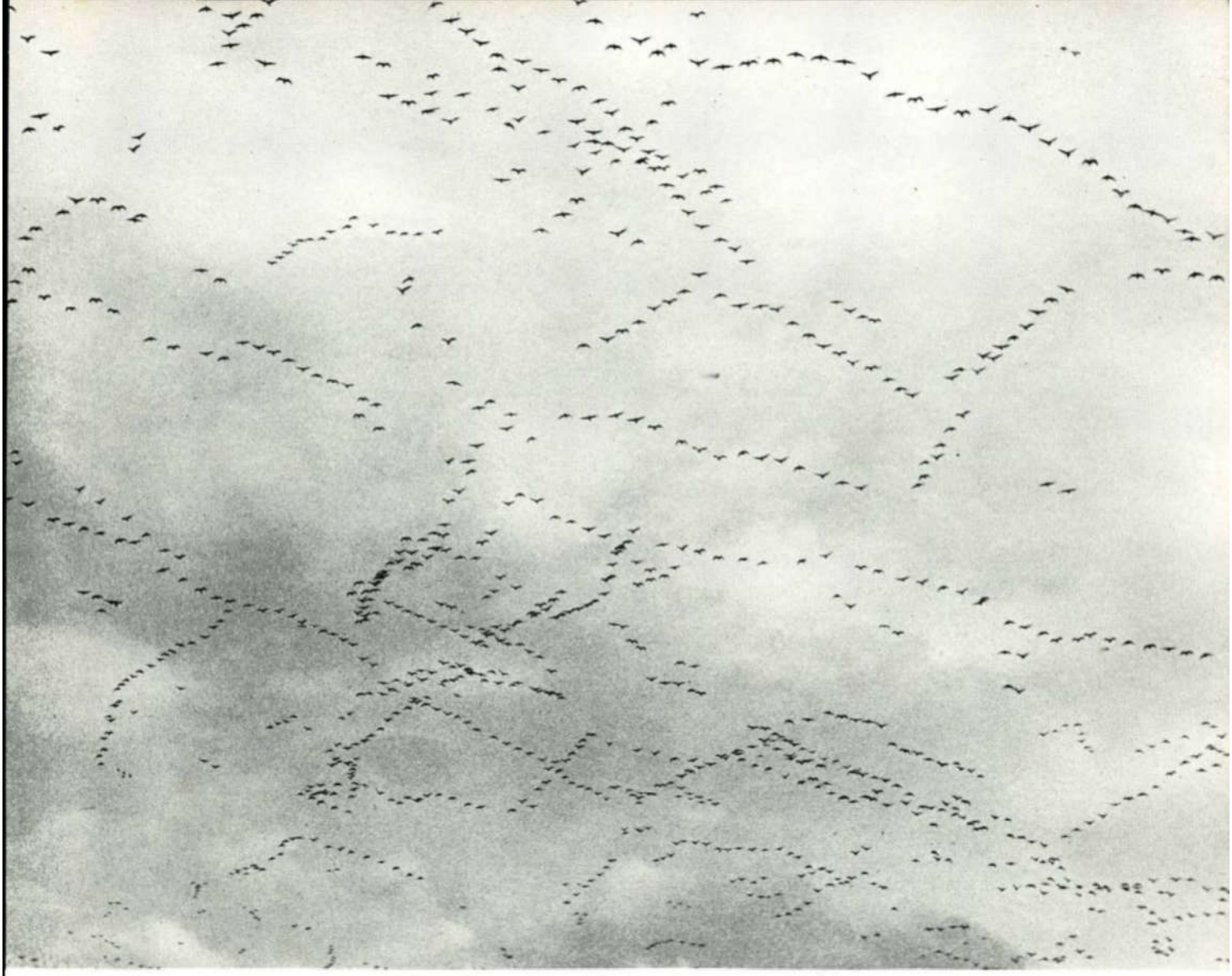
The fall flight is under way. The ducks and geese that have bred in this vast and lonely country are moving out and the waveys are coming down from their Arctic nesting areas, where the oncoming winter has sealed the fresh-water pools with ice and laid a blanket of snow over the tundra and rocks.

The Cree watches the great autumn spectacle without much emotion. He has seen it all before, each October since he can remember. It is part of the wild and big and beautiful subarctic land where he lives. Each fall the ducks and geese go south, each spring they return. It is as simple as that. Those high, migrating wedges hold only a remote, detached interest for him.

But now his watchful eyes see motion inland, low above the willows, in the direction of a hidden muskeg pond. A little band of seven geese is flying there, quartering out across the marsh, coming to the mud bars to feed.

The Cree sinks out of sight in his willow blind as smoothly as a loon submerging. The waveys are on a course that will take them past a quarter mile away. But even before they come within hearing, the high-pitched, one-syllable call-note of the blue goose breaks from his throat, repeated over and over. The approaching flock hears the lone bird crying in the marsh, bidding them down. They swing in a wide circle and the white-headed old blue that leads them takes note of the mud geese in the grass beyond the blind. They come winging in like puppets pulled by invisible strings and 200 yards out they start their descent, slanting down to land.

The crouching Cree changes his calling now, alternating his shrill cries with a soft nasal gabbling. The incoming



"That sky is strung with skeins of wildfowl. . . ."

birds talk back, answering note for note, craning their necks to study the motionless band on the ground, making sure. When the hunter rolls to his knees in the willow pen they are floating down on motionless wings, all but stalled in the air fifty feet over his head. They break into panic-stricken clamour and flail frantically up, but it is too late. The gun sends its flat enchoes rolling seaward and two geese plummet down. The others are gone, racing off downwind, their wild alarm cries coming back over the marsh.

The Cree walks out, retrieves his kill, pinches the breasts to make sure they are fat, and smiles a broad smile of contentment. They are the first birds of the morning. The ice is broken. The wavey legions are shuttling back and forth above the sea pastures. There will be shooting until dusk and a canoe load of geese for the brine barrels, against the lean and hungry time of winter. The Indian's eyes are shining now.

He is combining business and pleasure, following the trade of killing to which he was born, using skills he has practised since childhood, proving his ability in one of the few industries that northern land can support. The waveys are flying and he is hunting, for fun and food.

They nest, these blue and snow geese, along the Arctic rim of the continent and on the barren islands beyond. Together, in the late spring of the Arctic, they come up the long flyway from the south. Not until the latter part of May or early June do they arrive on their remote nesting areas.

They loiter there for the three months of the polar summer, June, July and August. In that time they nest, rear their young from fledglings to maturity, undergo their own summer moult, see the young safely on the wing, and are ready to depart when the first winter storms sweep across the barrens in late August or early September.

Through September the blues, and the snows that nest in the same region with them, move south along the east coast of Hudson Bay and down into James Bay, staying ahead of the swiftly advancing autumn. Shortly after mid-September they begin to pour into the wide salt marshes

at the foot of James Bay, where their clan has gathered and fattened each fall for more centuries than any man can number.

For four to six weeks, or a little longer than that if the autumn is unusually mild, they transform those empty sea meadows into a crowded waterfowl bedlam without counterpart elsewhere in North America.

They stream in by the thousands, fresh arrivals coming with each spell of bad weather, each storm out of the north. When the mud bars are laid bare at low tide they congregate there in great gabbling flocks that number from 500 to 5,000. They settle on the salt meadows at sundown in dense clouds like swarms of overgrown bees. No one can estimate accurately the size of those bands, but all who see them, around the mouth of the Harricanaw, along the beach of Hannah Bay and on Ship Sands Island in the mouth of the Moose, agree that they number not fewer than 25,000 to 50,000 waveys!

The United States Fish and Wildlife Service believes the continental population of blue geese is well in excess of 600,000 when the flight starts south in a normal autumn. The snows are even more numerous. And of that great wildfowl host virtually every blue and not less than one-fourth of the snows pass down through the natural funnel of the James Bay flyway. That means somewhere between 750,000 and 800,000 waveys, by conservative government estimate, thronging a belt of coastal marsh running fifty miles east from the Moose River, all feeding and flying and gabbling at one time. Small wonder there is no autumn waterfowl spectacle on the continent to match it, no other shooting ground that yields such an abundant harvest.

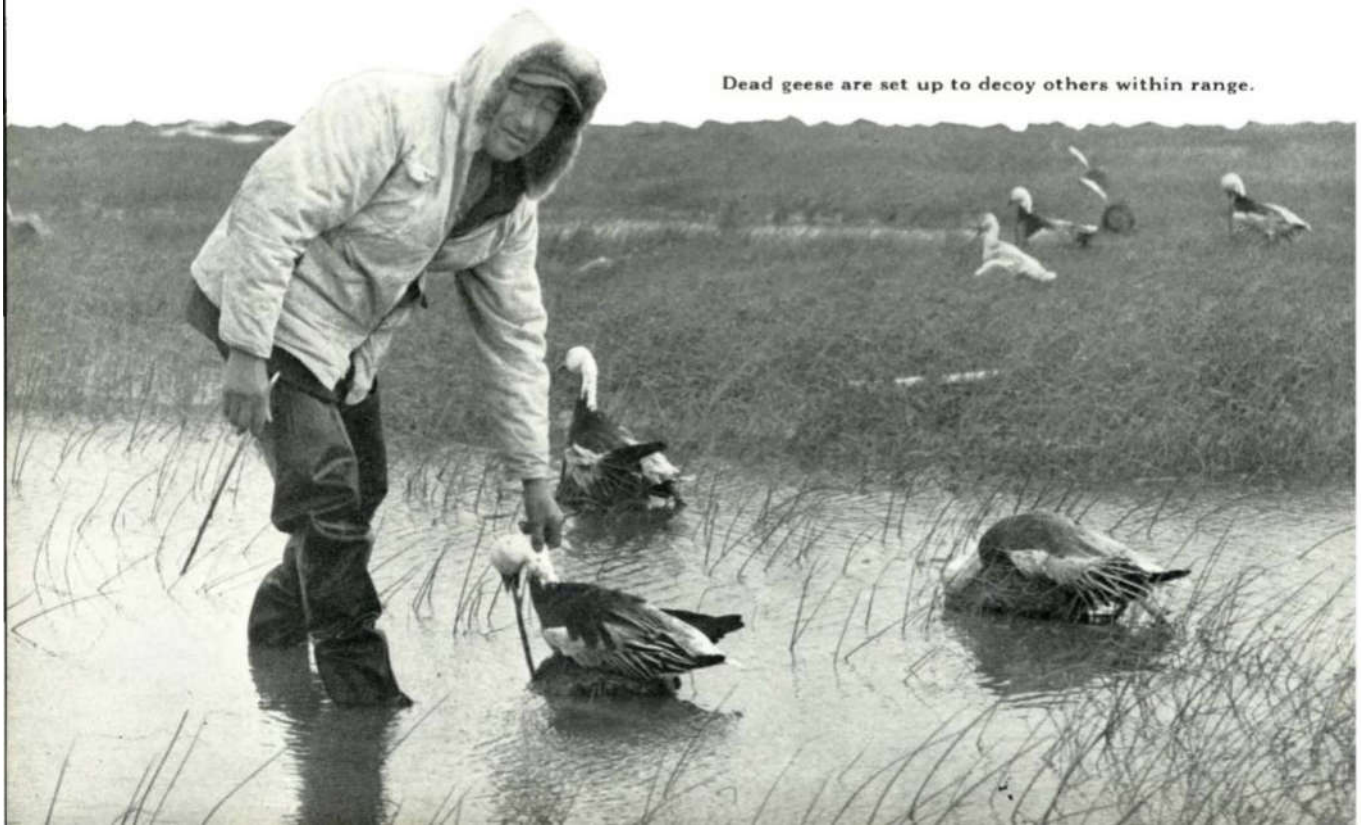
The Cree hunter who camps in the willows at the edge of the salt marsh is rarely out of sight or hearing of geese through the twenty-four hours of the day. There is scarcely a time at night when he cannot sit in his tent and hear their wild voices floating down through the darkness, almost never a daylight hour when he cannot look up from his blind and see waveys moving somewhere above the marsh. Family parties of three to seven honk their way to the muskeg ponds back in the willows. Bands of a dozen to twenty drift out to the tide flats. Bigger bunches of fifty to a hundred move from place to place in the marsh. And when the weather is right there are always the big flocks high overhead, strung wide across the autumn sky, fresh recruits to swell the ranks of the huge feathered army already present.

"New geese," the Cree hunter calls these migrants from up the Bay. And he welcomes them, for they are the least wary and suspicious of all the great gathering. If they are young birds, hatched during the summer, they have never encountered men or guns before save perhaps for a handful of Eskimos or more northern Crees who harassed them as they move down the coast. And even if they are old geese they have spent a summer in a remote country where man is unknown, and so have forgotten in large measure the lesson of fear they learned in other autumns.

The time of the wavey flight is a season of harvest for the Cree, and the kill is never so heavy as when bad weather brings large numbers of new geese swarming into the marsh.

To a sportsman accustomed to hunting wild geese in southern Canada or the United States, familiar with the wisdom and watchfulness of the birds, the hunting methods of the Cree and his phenomenal success are close to incredible.

The mud decoys with which the Indian begins his day's shooting are crude in the extreme, but they resemble standing geese closely enough to work their deception and that is all that is needed. For the white neck and head the Cree uses a tuft of feathers from a snow goose, tied to a splinter of wood, or a folded piece of paper or white cloth set in a split stick. If circumstances warrant, he may substitute



Dead geese are set up to decoy others within range.

the blue-gray wing of a blue goose previously killed for the lump of marsh turf, propping it on a stick thrust into the marsh and adding something white to imitate the head and neck of the adult blue.

Each goose he kills is set on a lump of turf with its feet and wings in a lifelike pose and its head propped artfully up in a forked willow stick, to serve as a decoy. So as the day's shooting progresses the stool of decoys grows and becomes increasingly effective. And whatever his decoys may lack in realism, the Cree makes up by the matchless mimicry of his calling.

The call note of the blue and snow wavey alike is a loud and musical "Kouk! Kouk! Kouk!" quite unlike the two-syllable honking of the larger Canada goose. The Cree learns to call geese, as he learns to call shorebirds, loons, ducks and the other birds that fly above those northern marshes, in childhood. Hunting is a trade with him and he must perfect his skill or go hungry.

Listening as he tolls a flock of waveys to his gun, hearing his clear calling and the answering cries of the geese, it is impossible to distinguish one from the other, so perfectly does he mimic each note and inflection of the oncoming flock. He is a skilled wing shot, and equally skilled at finding dead or crippled geese that fall some distance from his blind. It is rare for him to miss, and quite as rare for him to lose a bird he has marked down.

For the most part he relies on hand-loaded ammunition. Factory loads are beyond his means at the trading posts where he gets all his supplies. He may have a stock of a hundred or more empty shotgun cases. At the trading post he buys the quantity of primers and bulk powder and shot he needs for his hunt. He sits in his tent at night and loads as many shells as he expects to use the following day. The empty cases he saves and uses over and over again.

In recent years the James Bay marshes have attracted American sportsmen in increasing numbers. The shooting is the best to be found anywhere on the continent and the remoteness and primitive character of the country add interest to the sport. Some fear has been voiced by conservationists that the area may become a slaughter pen as a result of the great number of geese concentrated there. But the inaccessibility of the region and the long trip involved tend to prevent an excessive number of white hunters from reaching the marshes, and Canadian regulations are being tightened and enforced in a manner that appears adequate to meet the situation.

The waveys linger in the sea meadows, feeding and fattening for the remainder of the long flight, until snow and freezing weather drive them out. Normally that happens sometime about the middle of October. The exodus is sudden and complete. One day the salt marshes will be clamorous with geese. Twenty-four to forty-eight hours later they are a frozen waste, deserted and silent.

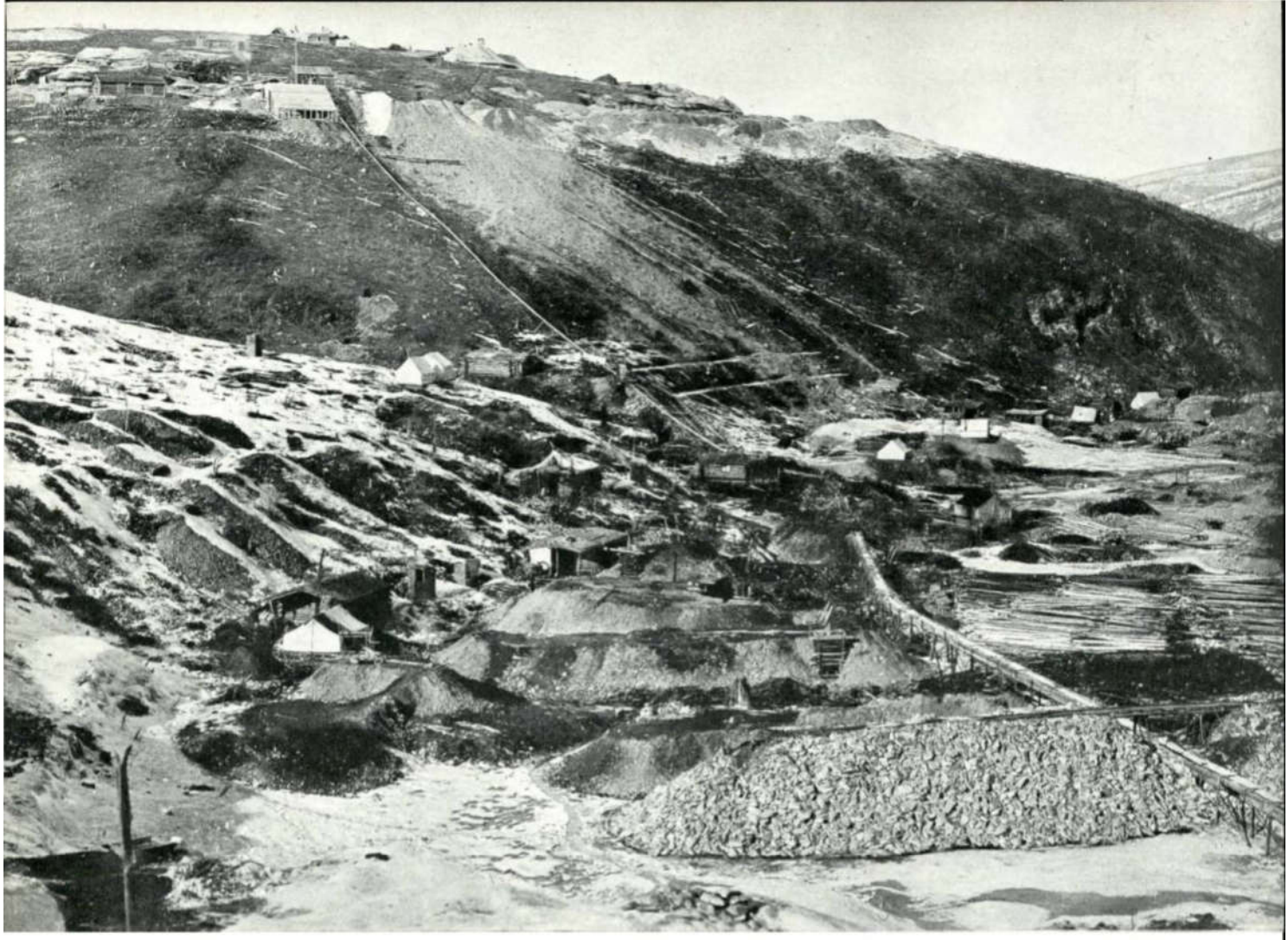
When the flocks leave James Bay they strike direct for their wintering marshes on the Gulf coast of Louisiana and Texas, some 2,000 miles away.

If wind and storm make it necessary they may stop to rest on the way, dropping down to feed and tarry for a few days along the shore of Lake Michigan, on Saginaw Bay or in the cornfields of Ohio or Illinois. More often, however, they drive through without stopping to the narrow belt of coastal marsh where they will winter, isolated and relatively safe from guns.

An abandoned camp of goose hunters on James Bay.

Those who live along the flyway see the flight pass over in two or three days or a week at most, when the James Bay marshes are emptying out. The birds migrate in big flocks, travelling high, drifting steadily along in a south-westerly direction, their far-off music filling the sky like the belling of distant hounds. There may be 300 to 500 in a single band, in a loose formation of oblique lines, curving bars and irregular V's, following their uncharted course with complete confidence in the wisdom of their leader and with a fidelity that baffles human understanding.

The call note used by the Cree hunters, hurled up at them then, will confuse and turn the flock but will not lure it down or bring it within gun range. I have tried it many times, always with the same result. I stood one stormy November night on the steps of a country store near my home in Michigan and called until I tolled a passing flock directly over the roof. They milled there for a while crying eagerly to what they must have regarded as a stray wavey lost somewhere on the ground below. Then the wiser heads among them sensed the fraud and they re-formed and headed away above the darkened farmlands once more, their voices receding swiftly in the windy night. ◆



Cheechako Hill. The author's buildings are in the top left hand corner. The winter's dumps await the spring sluicing. Compare with the map opposite.

GOLD ON CHEECHAKO HILL

In 1899 the author paid $4000 for an abandoned claim, and in four months took $85,000 worth of gold out of it.

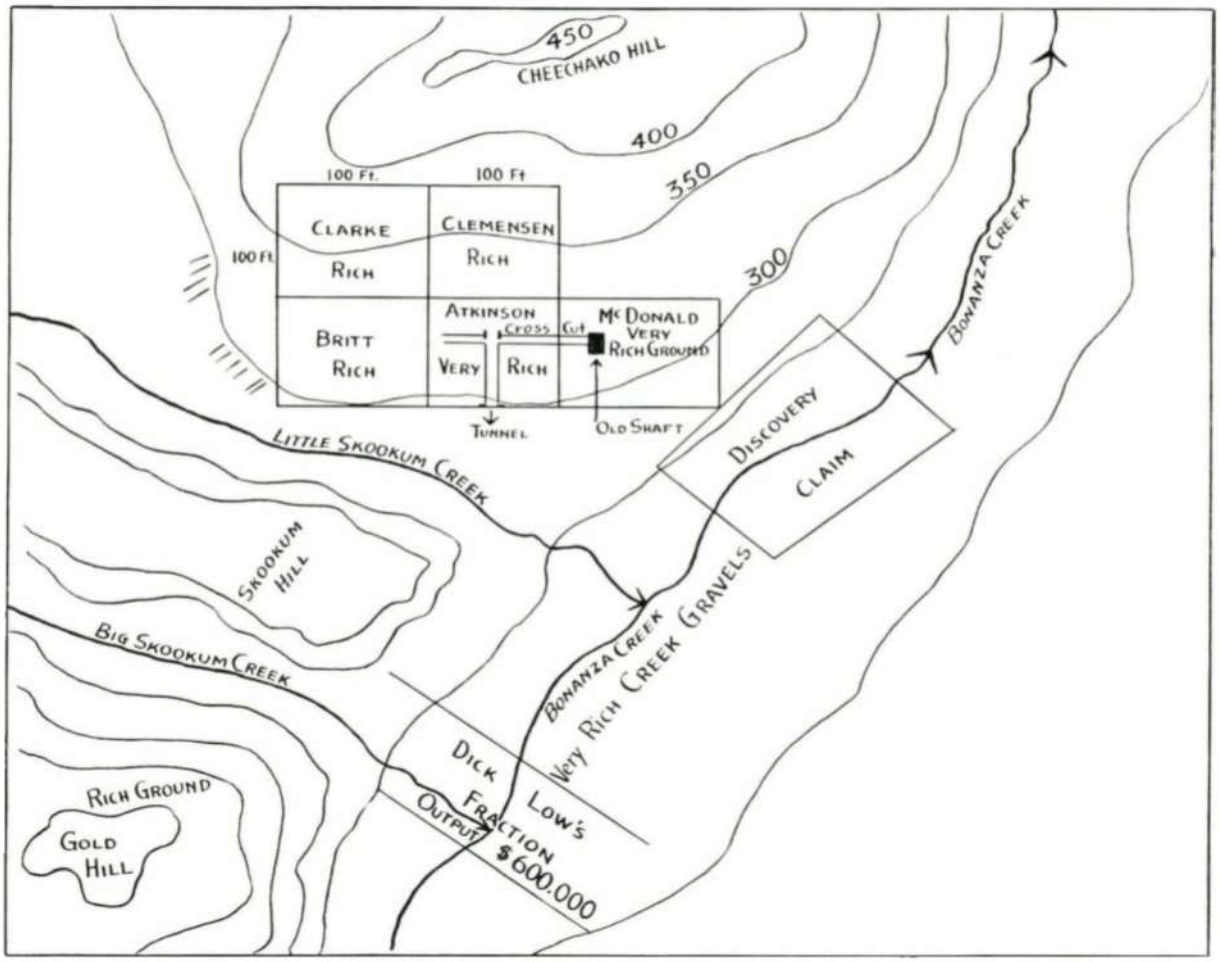
by Nevill A. D. Armstrong

THE five claims I owned on Cheechako Hill were named the Atkinson, Clemensen, Clark, Britt and McDonald, each 100 ft. x 100 ft. They formed a valuable block and covered the north end of the famous hill.

I purchased the first four claims in one block in February, 1899 for $22,500, and thereby took a gamble as there was only one small tunnel on the property; but some good panning tests were obtained. To complete my block it was most desirable to obtain the McDonald Claim, as it would give me an outlet on the Bonanza Creek slope of Cheechako Hill. This would enable me to drive a tunnel on bedrock and later construct a small gravity tramway to take my gold bearing gravel down hill on to Bonanza Creek and make use of Bonanza Creek water for sluicing purposes. I was therefore not *particularly* concerned whether the McDonald claim was gold bearing or not—it was its strategic value which was important.

There was one caved in and abandoned shaft on the McDonald claim but no sign of the owner of the claim anywhere. The assessment work had been completed and the claim was in good standing in the Gold Commissioner's Office.

It was not until July that I located the owner of the McDonald claim and after some anxious moments of negotiation I considered myself lucky in obtaining it for $4,000. How lucky I was will be explained shortly.



Rough sketch map showing the position of the five claims on Cheechako Hill above Bonanza Creek.

It was my intention to open up the Atkinson and Clemensen claims by means of a main tunnel to the back boundary and a main cross cut tunnel east and west. The gold bearing gravel as we drove the tunnel was yielding excellent prospects, and pans of coarse gold and one or two very rich spots were found on rising bedrocks where the gold had collected under white quartz boulders.

Water was very scarce and we had to wash the gravel as we went along with the old and primitive method of hand rocking, using the same water over and over again, so that a considerable amount of fine gold would be carried away with the tailings. However, this was better than panning and gave us some idea of the value of the gravel.

Now to return to our workings: as soon as my main tunnel reached a point about midway in the Atkinson claim a cross cut was started east and west. One day one of my miners informed me that we must be in very rich ground as gold was visible right across the face of the bedrock.

Taking a gold pan and miner's candlestick I went into the tunnel, and right under the old shaft I continued to scratch about. The result was marvellous. Gold was visible everywhere—lumps of it.

I told the foreman to hold his candle for me to see the "face" and I proceeded to take a pan all along the top of bedrock.

It was like picking raisins out of a plum pudding.

Having filled my pan I instructed the foreman that only the most reliable men must be put to work in this valuable tunnel and to go slow until we found out more about it. When the pan had been half-washed it appeared to be half gold dust and nuggets. When washed and weighed it contained $302 or £60 in those days with gold at 64/- an oz. —today about £160.—worthy of the richest claims on Eldorado Creek! It was a wonderful sight; there was no particularly large nugget but numbers of pieces about the size of hazel nuts. I preserved the pan in a special bottle which was later taken to London and exhibited in Regent Street in the window of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' shop.

We had struck an immensely rich deposit.

What had happened was this—McDonald sank his shaft in the centre of his claim and when he thought he had reached bedrock without obtaining any prospects of gold he considered the claim was no good and decided to leave Bonanza Creek and return to an old camp of his at Circle

City, Alaska, some 125 miles north of Dawson. His shaft was six feet above bedrock, so had he gone down another six feet he would have struck one of the richest deposits of gold in Cheechako Hill.

We continued mining out the rich pay and "rocking" the gravel by hand. The very rich pay in the McDonald claim extended for a long distance in the tunnel and on each side of it. Wherever we encountered what was known as "high" bedrock we always found gold. It may be said that two-thirds of McDonald's claim was very rich.

More readily to visualise the value of this property it might interest any old-timer or anyone with some knowledge of gold-mining to read the actual returns or clean-up during the month of August. It is very doubtful if the actual clean-up in ounces from any claim in the Yukon was ever published, and therefore the figures I have given here should be of some historical value and interest to many alluvial or placer miners. Of course we knew a large number of claims were reported to be very rich but what that actually meant in hard cash or gold ounces no one can say.

Here is the record from the cash book I kept at the time:

1899			$
Aug. 2.	4 days	72 ozs.	1,153
" 5.	3 "	72 "	1,153
" 9.	4 "	275 "	4,408
" 12.	3 "	189 "	3,025
" 14.	2 "	88 "	1,409
" 16.	2 "	99 "	1,585
" 20.	4 "	304 "	4,876
" 23.	3 "	201 "	3,221
" 26.	3 "	215 "	3,443
Sept. 2.	3 "	145 "	2,335
" 6.	4 "	225 "	3,606
" 10.	4 "	233 "	3,740
" 14.	4 "	149 "	2,404
" 18.	1 day	211 "	3,387
" 22.	1 "	164 "	2,624
	45 days	2,642 ozs.	$42,369

This total was actually $43,857 because the gold dust when the final assay returns were received from San Francisco was valued at $16.60 per fine ounce. These claims

Rocking gold gravel on the McDonald Claim.

of ours even in such a remarkably productive district must certainly have ranked as one of the richest bench claims in the Klondike—if not *the* richest.

The monthly output for the operating season of 1899 on the McDonald claim alone was as follows, calculating the value at $16 per ounce:

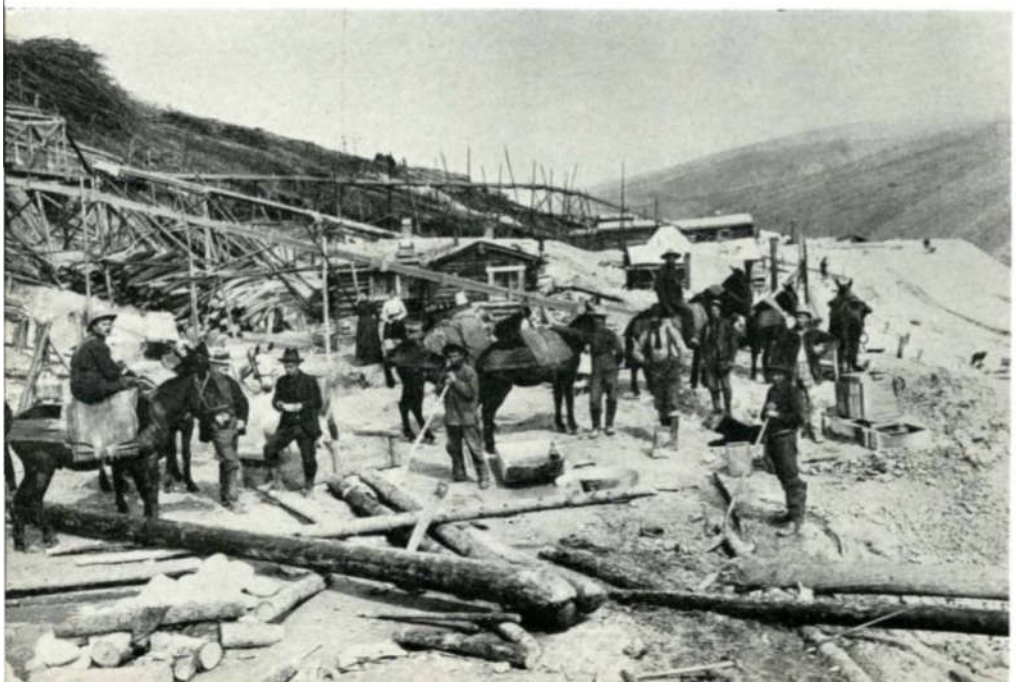
July	$13,903.
August	24,678.
September	19,884.
October	26,694.
	$85,159.

The richest return for one day's output using two "rockers" was on August 20, which produced 304½ ounces of gold of an estimated value of $4,876 valued today about $12,000. The largest nugget weighed 8½ ounces.

The next year, 1900, when more water was available, we were able to wash a larger output of pay gravel and in so doing we merged the McDonald pay gravel with the output from the other claims. The total season's output was $179,895, the total therefore being $265,054.

These five claims were not worked out until 1902 when I sold what was left of them for the large sum of $30,000 to an American syndicate. So it will be considered, I think, that my original gamble of $26,500 for the five claims duly came off.

The total output reached the magnificent sum of over $500,000. ◆



Pack train on Cheechako Hill. Each horse carried about $20,000 worth of gold. (From *Klondike '98* by Ethel A. Becker, Binfords & Mort, 1949.)

E. A. Hegg

STAMPS OF THE NORTH

Canadian stamps have depicted quite a number of northern scenes in the past few years.

by Ernest A. Kehr

EVER since Oct. 2nd, when the new 10-cent, brown postage stamp of Canada was issued to "represent fur resources . . . the only economic return from hundreds of thousands of square miles of the area of Canada," trappers, furriers, stamp collectors and the public generally have laughed at a boner that was newsworthy from St. John's to Dawson. Officially described, the design shows "an Indian woman hanging up beaver skins mounted on stretchers to dry for the market. In the background appears an Indian wigwam, the normal shelter used by these natives in the sparsely settled areas of Canada."

Considered from a technical viewpoint, the stamp represents good artistic design, the intaglio engraving of craftsmen and top-flight printing, but there it stops. Some experts might question the statement that such a wigwam or teepee as is shown, is "the normal shelter" of Indians in the sparsely settled areas of Canada; but obviously the artist never took a close look at a real wigwam. On the stamp the poles, over which hides or tarpaulins are stretched, just about meet at the top. Actually wigwam poles are laid between the forks of three basic poles which have been lashed together to form the strong support the covering requires to stand against the elements, and the tops generally extend at least one foot above the forks. A wigwam constructed in the manner shown on the stamp most certainly would collapse.

Again, the size of the pelts in the stamp's vignette is an exaggeration which made veterans wonder whether they'd been trapping only runts in the past. There are three beaver skins in the design, all of them of large or blanket size, but the largest is as tall as the Indian woman hanging them up to dry. Figuring that the average Indian woman is about 62" tall, that pelt ought to be a museum trophy! The largest size beaver skins are not more than 50" long.

Nevertheless this stamp does focus attention upon other stamps of the North, issued in the past to remind Canadians and the world that there is plenty of history, wealth and civilization north of the transcontinental railways.

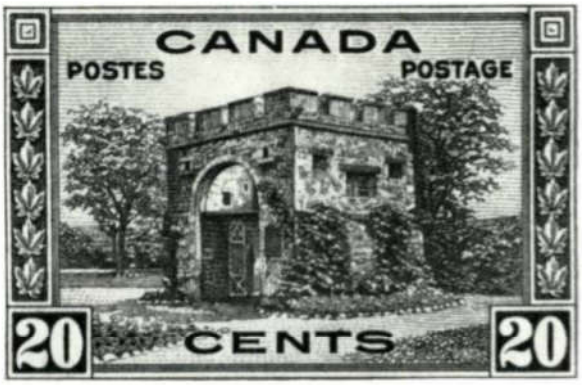
The first, a 12-cent, blue stamp of 1927, shows a map of the Dominion, to dramatically illustrate how Canada had grown since 1867, when Confederation united four of the eastern provinces under a single government.

Another, issued in 1935, pays tribute to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and its part in the expansion from cities, trading posts and frontier settlements to the very shores of the Arctic Ocean. While the "Mountie" is offici-

The 1950 stamp which caused all the criticism—mainly on account of the beaver skins and the construction of the wigwam.

Issued on the 60th anniversary of Confederation, this stamp depicts Canada's growth between 1867 and 1927.

The Mountie is said to represent the late Sir James MacBrien, on his horse "Canuck."



Like so many Canadian stamps, this one does not identify the scene it portrays. Not many people outside Winnipeg would know that this is Fort Garry Gate.

ally unidentified in postal records, persons who ought to know say it is the late Sir James MacBrien, Commissioner of the R.C.M.P., on his favourite horse, Canuck.

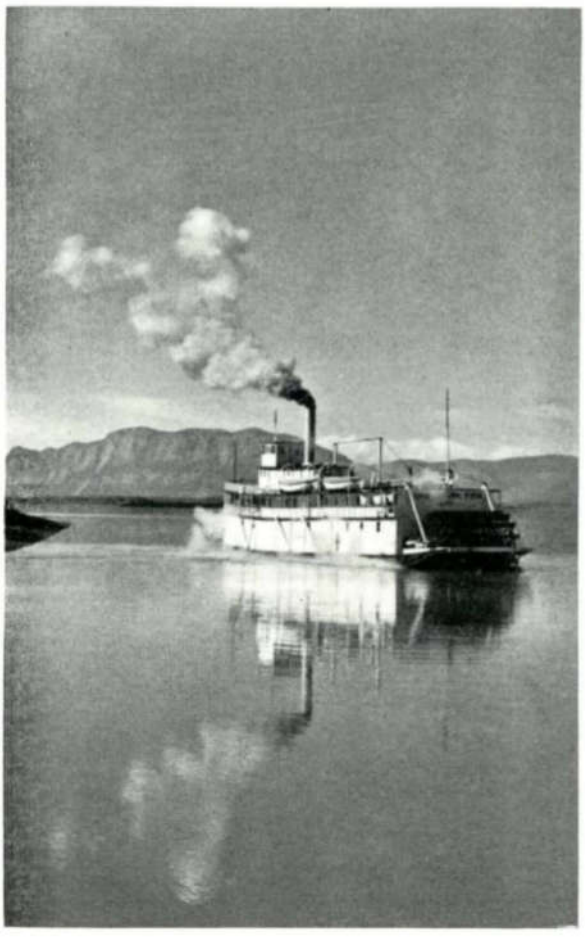
Three years later, a 20-cent, red-brown stamp featured the Fort Garry Gate, a reminder of the pioneer days of Manitoba, which still stands in the heart of Winnipeg not far from the home of the Hudson's Bay Company, with whose original development the gate is so closely related.

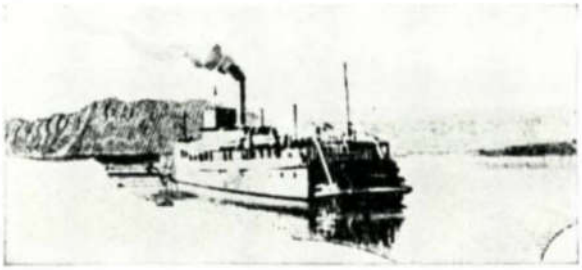
In 1938, air-mail service had been consolidated into a vast network of routes that covered every part of the Dominion, linked even remote settlements with the through aerial arteries and made Canadian air-mail service available to all citizens at a standard, low rate.

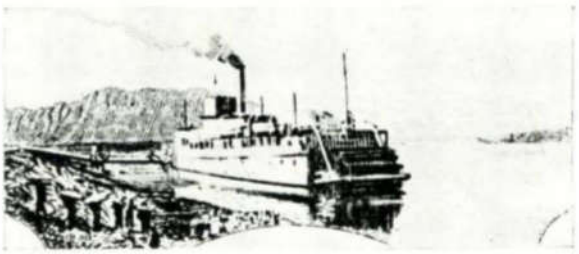
To convey to all Canadians the availability of such dominionwide service, postal officials in Ottawa contracted with the Canadian Bank Note Company to supply six-cent air-mail stamps with an appropriate design.

An actual photograph, or even a suitable drawing of the necessary view was not available in the capital, so the designer was instructed to use whatever could be obtained and devise a composite. From the March 1937 *Beaver* he procured a photograph of the Company's S.S. *Distributor*, taken the year before at Fort Wrigley, on the Mackenzie River, about Lat. 63°, by the late Richard N. Hourde. Although the designer elongated the ship, to occupy more artistically the rectangular vignette, it still is an unmistakable and typical picture of the sub-Arctic region. To fill in the left foreground, the artist used portions of a photograph taken of "waterfront activities at Aklavik;" while the plane which flies above was copied from a twin-engine, pontoon-rigged aircraft in a photograph originally shot above Montreal Harbour.

The development of a stamp. 1. The photo by R. N. Hourde from the *Beaver*, showing the *Distributor* going astern, which formed the basis for Canada's first airmail stamp. 2. The engraver elongated the ship somewhat. 3. He added a gang of men refuelling her with logs. 4. The completed stamp.







Left: Great Bear Lake, N.W.T. (though it could be lots of other places). Right: Canada geese over Great Slave Lake—the second Canadian airmail stamp.

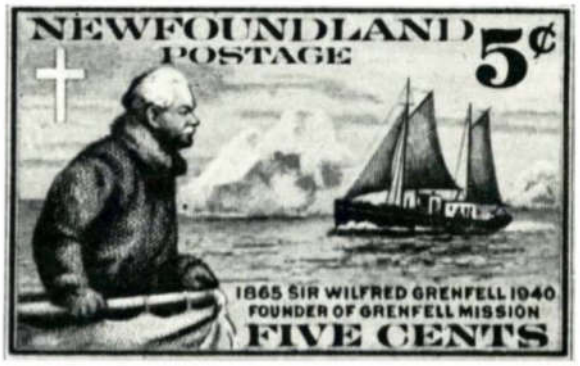
In 1946, the North was honoured by two more postage stamps of that year's regular series. The 10-cent, olive-green value depicts a general view of Great Bear Lake, while the seven-cent, deep blue air-mail adhesive shows a flight of Canada geese over Great Slave Lake.

A stamp which should be included in this report is Canada's four-cent, green, issued on April 1, 1949, to mark the entry of Newfoundland and Labrador into the Dominion's federation. Produced by the Canadian Bank Note Company, in Ottawa, it depicts John Cabot's *Matthew* in which his 1497 voyages to this continent were made. Although this ship, often used as a symbol for the former independent colony, was used many times on Newfoundland stamps, this was the first time than an accurate replica appeared. It was taken from an actual scale model avocationally built by Ernest Maunder, a St. John's tailor. All previous stamps showing this ship had been but artists' "conceptions"; indeed, at one time a picture of Columbus' *Santa Maria* was used and simply labeled, *Matthew*.

Many of Newfoundland's stamps could qualify as "stamps of the north," for they depict such a variety of subjects as caribou, seals, seal hunting and Arctic bird life. One, however, must be included. It is known as the "Grenfell stamp."

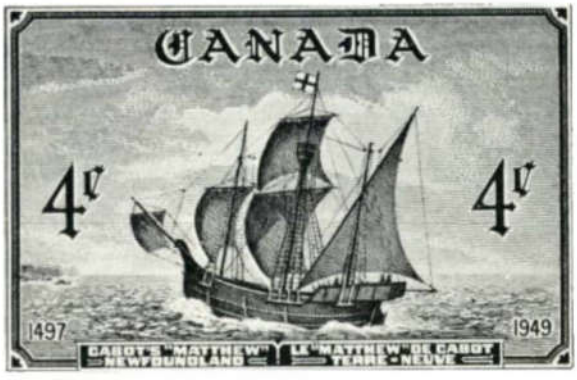
Its exceptionally well designed and exquisitely engraved vignette shows Sir Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, English medical missionary, clad in Arctic togs, standing on the bridge of his vessel, *Strathcona II*, gazing across berg-packed waters at his hospital ship, *Maraval*. The white cross in the corner was added to symbolize the Christian aspects of Sir Wilfred's humanitarian labors.

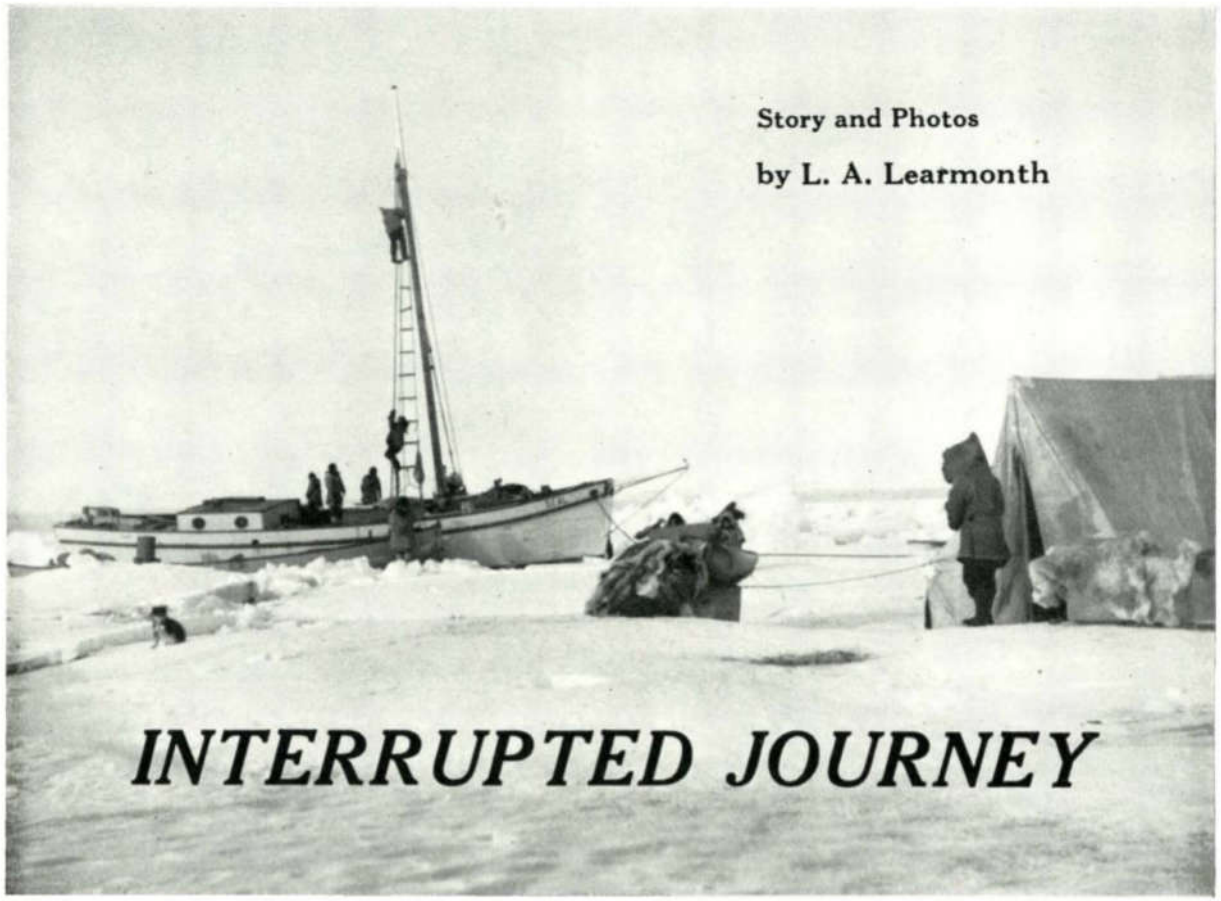
None of these stamps of the North are rare, and while they are not all available at postoffices anymore, they can be obtained from professional philatelic dealers for less than $1, and certainly would make an unusual collection for persons who are interested in the North, whether they are philatelically inclined or not. ◆



This Newfoundland stamp showed the famous Labrador doctor, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, with his hospital ship *Maraval* in the offing.

Left: Ernest Maunder's model of Cabot's *Matthew* of 1497. Right: the 1949 stamp that was made from it, to mark Newfoundland's entry into the Dominion.





INTERRUPTED JOURNEY

Story and Photos

by L. A. Learmonth

Camp on the ice, with the *Seal* safe for the time being.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roared and howl'd
Like noises in a swound!

LAST September a party of thirty-odd Eskimos with a dozen dogs set out from the new post at Spence Bay, Boothia Peninsula, for their hunting grounds near the abandoned post of Fort Ross, over 250 miles away. They travelled in two boats—Takolik's whaleboat, powered by a 7½ h.p. marine engine, towing Kavavouk's little schooner *Seal*. With them went the author, a veteran traveller of many years' experience in the Arctic and an authority on Franklin's last voyage, looking for traces of the lost expedition along the west coast of Boothia. The article which follows consists of extracts from his diary of the voyage which ended close to where Franklin's ships were first beset by the ice. Mr. Learmonth, in quoting the two verses above, observes how "dead right" Coleridge was in the word picture he drew.—*Editor.*

Sept. 15th.

Away to an early start again to work ice all day long though only to end up back here under the point of land forming the north side of the next bay (unnamed) north of Oscar Bay. The precious and expensive gasoline Takolik worked so hard to get is being used up fast and is getting us nowhere. Besides, both boats took a battering today that did them no good. The very strong north wind is driving down vast masses of old ice, quantities of which are commencing to pile up on the shoals on the outside and around the entrance to the harbour.

The way Jacko handles that Acadia engine in Takolik's whale boat would make any white engineer's hair stand on end. He consistently uses the bailing can, still all wet from bailing the boat, to put gasoline in for transfer to the tank without ever straining it, and in a half a dozen other ways is as careless. Yet that old engine, which is as rusty as an anchor and generally exposed to the weather, never misses a beat!

Sept. 18th.

Wind half a gale, temperature away down and slob in harbour and around schooner turning to ice. This is quite the earliest I've known such wintry conditions prevail anywhere in this area. I remember the schooner *Shumigan* pulling in to Gjoa Haven, King William Land, on October

11th, 1933, just as the harbour was commencing to freeze over and no ice at all in the surrounding seas.

Sept. 19th.

Wind whooping it up in a really big way today and temperature still dropping. Except for small area near the bottom, the bay is completely frozen over, and it would seem as if the schooner is here for the winter.

The people are quite perturbed, as most of their dogs, sleds and hunting equipment are near the east end of Bellot Strait and more than a hundred and sixty miles away.

Still no seals and no dog feed, and the three dogs and all the pups are presently ashore so they can scrounge, and find what they can to eat. They are keeping a wary eye on my tent, and under the circumstances friendship is difficult.

Sept. 20th.

Temperature rose during the night and the wind dropped and to my surprise, early this morning, Kavavouk and Takolik announced they intended to cut their way out to a narrow lane of water which was opening up between the moving floes and the floes aground on the shoals. So with nothing better than hand saws, ice chisels and light axes to work with we have been hard at it all day long cutting a lane through the new, rubbery, harbour ice, which averages about eight inches thick, in that direction. Had cut about a mile when we stopped for the night. But we still have a long way to go and it is weary work.

Sept. 21st.

Fine day. No wind, but temperature is falling and the water we would get to is freezing farther and farther out, which is disheartening. After cutting all day we are still about a mile from open water.

Sledded my tent over to the schooner tonight.

Sept. 23rd.

Hard south east wind developed during the night and continued throughout the day. Managed to get over the shoal tonight after unloading as much as we dared on to the wet, rubbery ice. But there is still near on half a mile of ice between the schooner and open water, and it is surely an awful chore cutting through the rotten stuff.

According to the proverb it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Anyway the R.C.A.F.'s bad luck in losing a big 'plane near the Bellot Strait camp a couple of winters ago provided the metal sheathing which now protects the planking of the two boats from ice friction, and such friction as they could not possibly have stood up to without that protection.

Owing to scarcity of seals, the peoples' grub stake and kerosene intended for winter trapping operations are being used up at an alarming rate.

Sept. 24th.

Calm. Finally, early in the forenoon cut through to open water, and by early afternoon were on our way north again, towed as usual by Takolik's whale boat.

Had gone only a few miles before running into heavy floes again which, though slack, were not always easy to work through. Kavavouk and Takolik, taking advantage of every little opening to worm their way northwards, finally got the schooner in a dangerous squeeze, and so ugly did it look at one time Kavavouk advised everyone to be prepared to abandon ship for a large ice pan near by. Fortunately the pressure eased sufficiently to permit the schooner to drop back into the water and continue on her way. But we all had a fright and the schooner has a couple of bent planks and ribs as a result of the squeeze, although no leak has developed.

Everything out on the ice in case the boats get crushed. The whaleboat is on the left, the *Seal* on the right.

Owing to lack of seals and other dog feed five of the pups had to be destroyed this morning. Also one of the dogs would not let the boys get hold of him and had to be left behind.

Sept. 26th.

A strange day indeed and hair raising at times, though weather calm and clear.

During the early hours of the morning a child was born to Napatsee's wife. It died, however, apparently at birth, and after a tiny coffin was made for it, Kavavouk, Takolik, Napatsee and I took it ashore for burial. And it was no easy matter getting ashore over more than two miles of exceedingly rough ice; great big old stuff covered with sand and with quite a few boulders in it. Kavavouk held a simple Church of England burial service over the remains, in Eskimo.

Immediately on our return to the schooner, a channel having opened up ahead, we continued on our way north dodging the floes in the narrow lead between the shore pack and the outer floes for the remainder of the day and, all things considered, made quite good time.

Seals were numerous and many secured, as well as a polar bear. We came upon the bear shortly after getting under way. It was lying flat on its belly with its head resting on its front paws at the edge of a big piece of grounded ice, and permitted the boats to get very close before attempting to move when, of course, it received a broadside from the several rifles aboard which sent it staggering into the water. The poor brute, however, struggled back on to the

ice, with blood streaming from its side, to be dispatched with a second broadside, but not before I managed to take a couple of pictures. Don't suppose they will be very nice pictures, though, as I only snapped them after the first volley and after the bear had climbed back on to the ice. When first it came to its feet was the time to get a picture as there it stood a magnificent, puzzled animal in a perfect setting; but a few moments later in its place was a mere limp, bloody heap on the ice.

Around eleven o'clock, in bright moonlight, the outer floes suddenly commenced to press in hard on our position and it looked so bad at one time we unloaded everything on to the grounded pack and put up camp there. In the moonlight and among the blue shadows it made a weirdly picturesque scene, but one quite beyond the scope of my camera and such as perhaps only an artist could handle. After that the floes eased off for a while to come in again about three o'clock in the morning and give us another fright.

Sept. 27th.

From early this morning to well through the forenoon it looked like mid winter, with everything seemingly frozen solid as far as could be seen from the mast head. There wasn't a sign of water anywhere and not the least movement in the outside floes. But suddenly, on towards noon, the whole mass of outer floes commenced to creak and groan and make the usual queer noises of heavy pack squeezing and pressing, as its untold millions of tons got under way, and in no time a long, inviting lane of black water had opened up between the two packs.

By early in the afternoon everyone's hopes were raised high for what with beautiful calm weather, and a clear sea opening out ahead, though still with heavy stationary pack between us and the land, and a long white line of big ice away off on the horizon to the west, it seemed as if we were about to get a break at last and due for a clear run through to Tasmanian Island. I had advised Kavavouk not to worry about me and my affairs for the moment, as indeed, under the circumstances, he could not have attended to them in any case. But such an extraordinary thing happened to again dash our hopes!

The sea ahead, though free of heavy floe, was covered with a thin coat of salty rubber ice scarcely half an inch thick, and we were making about three miles an hour through it, towed by Takolik's whale boat assisted by every man, woman and child who could get hold of and use an oar or a tent pole, when the big pack away out on the horizon commenced to move in. Had we even had a jolly boat's engine in the *Seal* to help us out we could not have failed to get in to the land and safety on the north side of Pasley Bay which, as we could see, remained clear of big ice till well on in the evening. But as the floes moved in, like an immense broom they swept the whole expanse of young ice before them, making it buckle and bend and break into great sheets which were soon sliding over and under each other and doubling and redoubling at an alarming rate, and in less than half an hour we were fast imprisoned in rubber ice more than five feet through, quite helpless and driving with it on to the grounded floes. Luckily, this stuff, under continued pressure, became solid enough to split well back in places as it was driven against the grounded pack. We managed to work our way into one of the cracks so formed and thus into a measure of protection from the grounded iceberg the schooner is presently tied up to.

It looked so ugly we unloaded everything on to the shore pack and the iceberg as soon as we could. We were unable to get right alongside the solid ice but by laying planks on top of the rubber ice had no trouble getting everything out of the schooner to safety. Also, after a struggle, managed to haul Takolik's boat out. A couple of tents, including my own, are on a big flat section of the iceberg with the main part of the camp nearby, though well back from the edge, on the shore pack, about two miles of which lies between us and the land.

The floes have slacked off a little for the moment, but for some time after we had made camp they continued to advance and press and squeeze the rubber ice in around the schooner, though with enough of the stuff remaining between the little vessel and the iceberg to make an effective cushion. Rubber ice is curious stuff, and to tell all that can happen to it under great pressure I now realise would fill a book. But, for instance, while the pressure was still on, a little way off to the south a great tongue of it slid up and over the grounded pack to engulf everything in its path like a huge carpet as it was pushed slowly on by the advancing floes; and watching it didn't make us feel any too happy at the time.

Our present position is a few miles south of the south west corner of Pasley Bay and about due west of a considerable bay and harbour known to the natives as *Mull-ah-to-ak-juk*, but which is not shown on available charts of Boothia.

Don't know what's going on behind their masks, but in spite of the mess neither Kavavouk nor Takolik have yet suggested we give up the struggle, try to make the schooner safe somehow, and go ashore.

Hunting was good before we were caught in the rubber ice and there must be about twenty seals in hand now.

Hauling the whaleboat (extreme left) to safety with block and tackle.

Right: The *Seal* with her bow right into a mass of ice.
Below: Breaking out to open water close at hand. This ice froze in overnight.

A large flock of ptarmigan made the mistake of pitching on our iceberg as darkness was setting in, and it took those of the silly things that escaped a long time to discover it was not a nice place on which to roost for the night. Perhaps we are as silly.

Sept. 28th.

Don't think any of the men slept last night. But nothing happened and by morning the floes were moving out again taking the new pressure ice they manufactured yesterday, and in which the schooner was embedded, along with them. The miserable stuff, which had become more solid during the night, had such a grip on the schooner that while all the men were sweating to free her of it, the strain on the anchor which was hooked on to the shore pack, was so great as to bend its shank and for a while it seemed as if the chain would snap. But the little vessel was freed before that happened. It is difficult to describe the wretched stuff heavy rubber ice can be, and how working at it with only hand saws, light axes and shovels is about as feeble and futile as trying to empty a well with baskets.

The children were having great fun today and it was amusing to watch them playing at bear hunting, or at bears hunting seals among the floes, and to listen to them imitating dogs yapping and howling and so on, and to their cheerful peals of laughter while their parents were worrying and sweating and working so hard. No one ever seems to give them direction to lend a hand at any time although the odd one will do just that if and when the spirit moves him or her.

Sept. 29th.

Today a little dock, with sloping edge facing the sea, was cut in the ice to accommodate the schooner, which was then hauled in to it and the booms and other lumber placed under her bilge and over the sloping edge and so arranged that if subjected to direct pressure from the floes she might be pushed up on to the top of the ice, and at least not crushed.

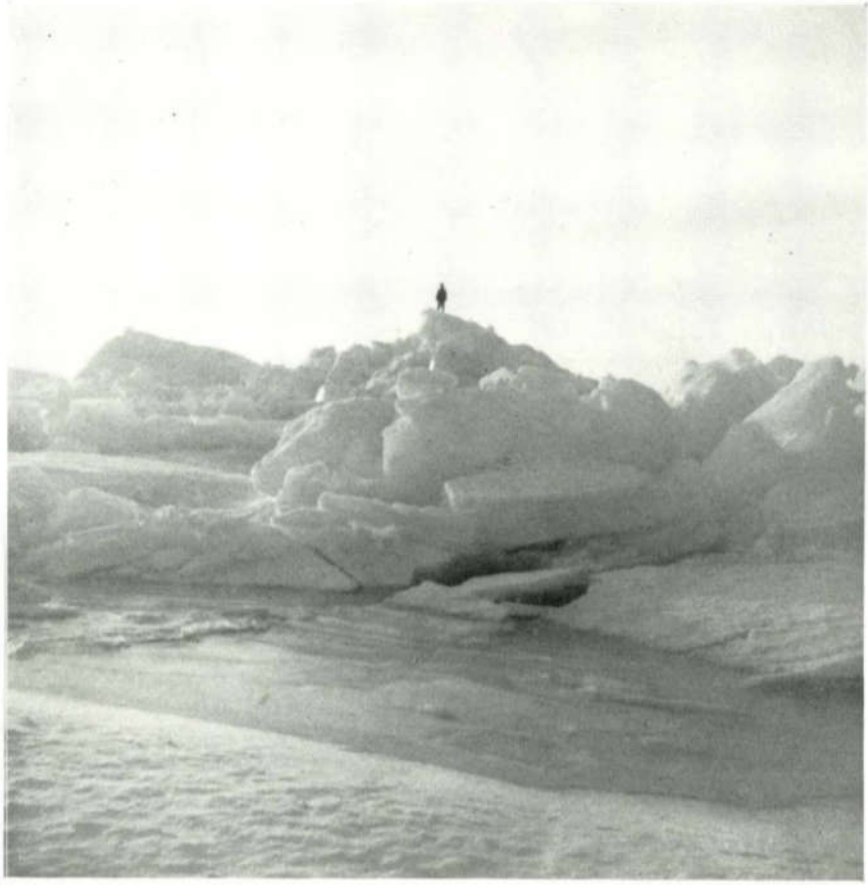
Sept. 30th.

For hours at a stretch, posted on the top of our iceberg, the highest point of which rises to between thirty and forty feet above the water, Kavavouk, Takolik and Napatsee in turn had been anxiously studying the movement of the outer floes these past few days, and what with the continued mild weather, wind off shore and the floes backing well off this evening, have decided to make another start; so the schooner has been reloaded with nearly everything, including the ways from under her bilge, and except that we still have our camp on the ice, all is set to go by daybreak.

Truly these Dorset Eskimos are a fine people in their way. Certainly few white men, with only the same inadequate and primitive equipment to work with, could have put up a better fight than they have to date on this trip. They have resorted to every imaginable trick in their determination to beat the ice, and there is no hanging back when Kavavouk and Takolik have made up their minds to some course of action. They are real men.

October 1st to 6th.

What happened during the early hours and forenoon of October 1st almost beggars description, and looking back on it all and going over the scene is something like going over a battlefield after the battle is over. Anyhow, very early, and while still dark on that fateful morning, the wind veering commenced to blow hard from the southwest and quickly drove the big floes in on the schooner and our camp from that direction, to be halted for a little and later ease off. Then, as the day advanced and the wind continued to veer and increase in strength until it was blowing a



A lookout watches for signs of a break. The heavy outside pack was made up mainly of such great chunks.

blizzard at almost gale force from the north west, the floes returned from that direction with speed and tremendous weight behind them.

I was in my tent having a nap when Kavavouk came in to say a storm was developing and the floes coming at us again, and that the rest of the men were already at work on the schooner throwing everything back on the ice.

The poor old *Seal* was first caught and pushed by the big floes—coming at us from the south west and rubbing along the edge of the shore pack—part way up the sloping sides of the high part of our iceberg, only to be brushed off again, with her sides crushed and keel torn out on the floes' return and change of direction, and to fill with water and slob. She was sinking when a huge tongue of ice was thrust under her to hold her until the next squeeze hoisted her high on the top of a confused mass of pressed up, broken ice, where she remains at this moment, stern down and bowsprit pointing high in the air, as weird a looking wreck as could well be imagined; a very monument to the futility of our effort—or for that matter all human effort when the blind, giant forces of nature which encompass us move in the wrong direction.

While the men were salvaging what they could and dragging Takolik's whale boat out of danger, and the poor little schooner was being destroyed as the blizzard developed; while the floes were driving through and bursting up the floor of our camp, pushing over and splitting up our iceberg, and burying under them in the sea everything at the edge of the shore pack, including all the seals that were on hand; the women, with the aid of the older children this time, did all the work of moving camp nearer the land to a safer site.

I can see them yet disappearing and reappearing amidst the storm among the confusion of hummocks and jumbled up, big, broken, upended sheets of ice, with great bundles, and some of them with infants on their backs and small ones trailing behind—all to the accompaniment of the steady noise of the wind and a fiend's orchestra of weird groans, grunts, squeaks and squeals made by the ice as it buckled and burst and climbed at the points of contact, from the fearful pressure being applied by the immense weight of miles upon miles of oncoming floes, until finally halted.

I have often listened to, and been amused by, the strange and various noises made by heavy ice breaking under great pressure, or by a big travelling pack when rubbing and grinding along the edge of fixed ice. If one's camp is at a respectable distance from the seat of such a disturbance, that's all right; but when one's boat, general equipment, and grub stake for the winter are right in the middle of the disturbance, then these noises are not so entertaining.

From the third to the fifth everybody was busy moving camp in to the land. It proved no easy task, as just as the tents were being struck another blizzard had to happen along to make the operation as difficult and unpleasant as possible, when it could have been fun. However, eventually everybody's belongings and supplies were dug out and put ashore leaving only Takolik's whale boat and a quantity of equipment salvaged from the wreck still on the ice.

Actual losses are: Schooner *Seal* total wreck; anchor and chain of Takolik's boat buried under floes; twenty odd seals buried under floes.

In addition to these total losses Takolik's boat took rather a beating, but can be repaired and made as good as new. A quantity of flour was lost when bags burst from rough handling and by becoming soaked with sea water.

Also my Vokar camera was damaged when case containing it was smashed on being thrown out of the schooner on to the ice.

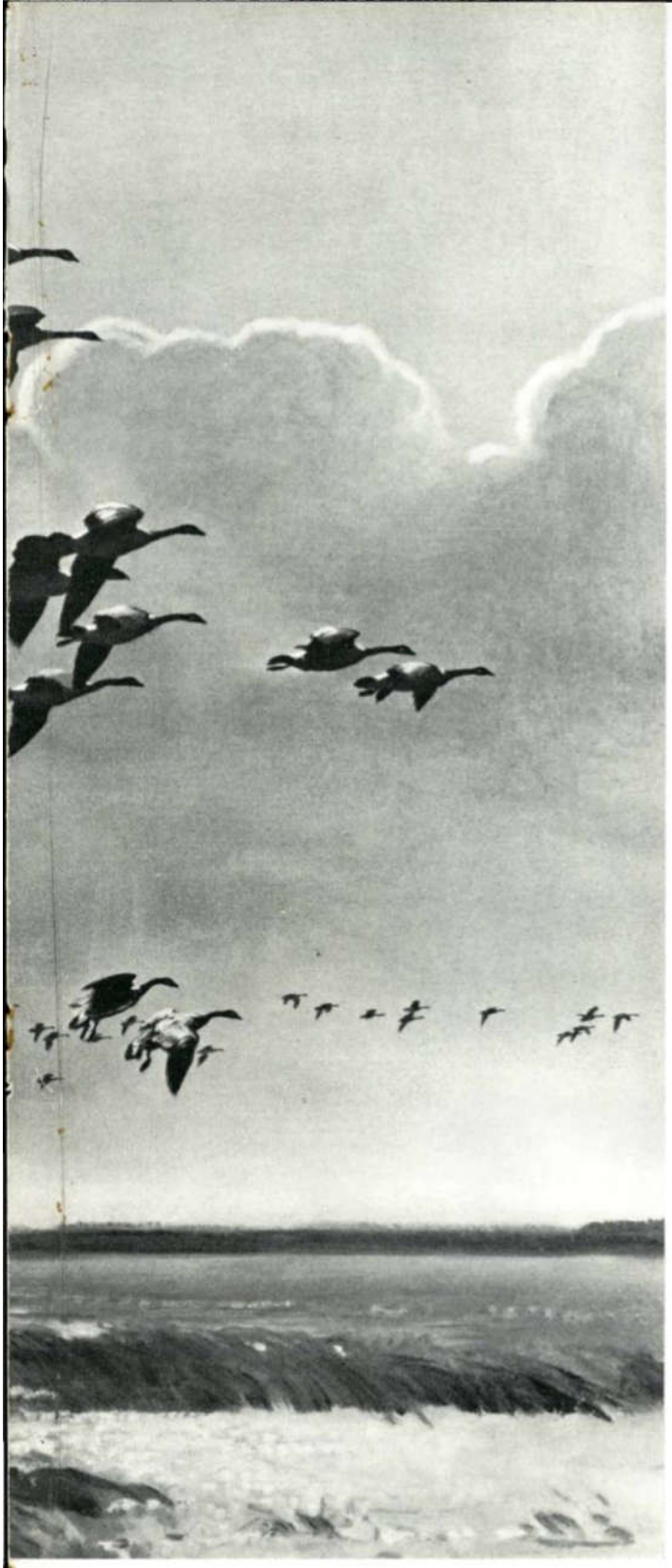
All items being forwarded to Fort Ross by Constable Sargent for convenience of R.C.M. Police winter patrol were salvaged, and presently are in care of Kavavouk who states simply and confidently they will be where they are wanted in good time.

By the eighth the whole camp had been made snug and well protected from anything the weather spooks might care to send along (except warm weather) and all the men, except Kavavouk and myself, were ready to walk across the land, Takolik and Napatsee to Wrottesley Inlet and the others to the east side of Bellot Strait, more than a hundred and twenty miles away, to fetch the dogs and sleds left behind last August.

As soon as possible after they return the men intend moving to the east side of Bellot Strait, but it will take to nearly the end of November before they get down to hunting properly again, and trapping. It is too bad that it should be so because, besides the loss of the valuable and probably irreplaceable little schooner it took Kavavouk a great part of his life to pay for, all these people have already used a large part of the originally ample winter hunting and trapping outfits given them by Mr. Stanners [manager of Spence Bay post], and what with the loss of all their seals and not much chance of their securing many more presently, they will have to continue to depend on these outfits until they have settled down for the winter, by which time they will be nearly destitute. Also, the signs being good, this will mean the loss of several hundred foxes they could and would have trapped before Christmas. ◆

Story's end. Kavavouk's schooner *Seal* as she appeared after being wrecked and abandoned.

Canada Goose, Interlake Country



Courtesy of Dr Walter Tisdale

Over Manitoba Marshes

A group of paintings by

Peter Scott

Story by

Albert Hochbaum

"How oft against the sunset sky or moon
We watched the moving zig-zag of spread wings
In unforgotten autumns gone too soon
In unforgotten springs!"

—Pai Ta-shun

OF all things in his world, the wildfowler knows the sky best. He lives with his eyes above the horizon. Like the mariner he reads weather in cloud patterns; the sky is the guide to his daily activities. No wildfowler ever commits himself to a plan by the evening fireside: his schedule awaits the dawn. He knows twilight as no other man, for on prairie or marshland his eyes hold daily on the everchanging lights of the horizon, unknown to hill folk. Through the time of the year when his doublegun rests in its cabinet he still lives with his head in the sky, watchful for the dart of wildfowl against the glow.

It is the sky that prairie dwellers and marshmen love so well, often without knowing the nature of their devotion. When they depart for the hills they feel crowded and ill at ease. What they miss is the full sweep of sky at sundown.

The glory of twilight has tempted many artists, yet few have captured its truths. Faced with a palette of fiery hues, their pictures often become so bold with colour as to intrude upon one's sense of values. Peter Scott is one of the few artists who have been truly successful in translating the evasive twilights of dawn and sunset to canvas. This distinguished British artist-naturalist is known to the world for his paintings of wildfowl, but he is not to be classified as a "wildfowl painter" or as a "bird artist," as some are wont to call him. Scott is simply an artist, and

Blue Wings at Sunset *Courtesy of Col. Arthur Sullivan*

a great one, who better than others of his craft understands the sky that is the backdrop for all landscapes. The birds of Peter Scott's pictures—the ducks, the geese and the wild swan—are incidental to the whole related composition of the scene in which the sky is nearly always dominant. That these birds are alive and in motion sets Scott above other artists who have elected to include birds in the countryside they paint. There are those who have painted the marsh but whose birds have not been alive therein; others render the birds faithfully in backgrounds that are not living. Less than a handful of men in the history of art have painted real birds in living environments.

This I realized one pleasant summer evening in 1939 when I found myself confronted with a large selection of Peter Scott prints in the heart of one of America's finest marshlands. After a long day with the wildfowl on Manitoba's Libau Marsh, we set our course for a hunter's lodge standing bold and lonely far from the edge of trees. Long before we reached the building we were aware of a tall, rugged man greeting us with a friendly wave, and shortly we were ushered by Colonel Arthur Sullivan, K.C., into his great living room. Here was a place designed to permit a man to enjoy a marsh to its utmost in the most comfortable surroundings possible. This was a room of windows overlooking the vast sweep of marsh: eastward to the Brokenhead River, north across wide marshwater to Lake Winnipeg, west over broad fields of golden cane to the mouth of the Red River and far beyond.

As I entered I was enchanted, not by the marsh scene which we had just left, but by the walls. For matching the wonder of the vista was an array of prints such as I had never seen before. Here were all the pictures of marsh birds I had ever known and still more that were new to me. Here one could measure the strength of the artist, for with but a shift of the eye one could turn from the picture of a pintail or a gadwall to the living bird closeby. Wildfowl in singles, pairs or small parties met the eye from every window. Here it was plain that the pictures holding the greatest truths were those of Peter Scott. This was a man who knew and loved the marshlands, who painted the subtle shadings of reeds in the wind, the reflections in

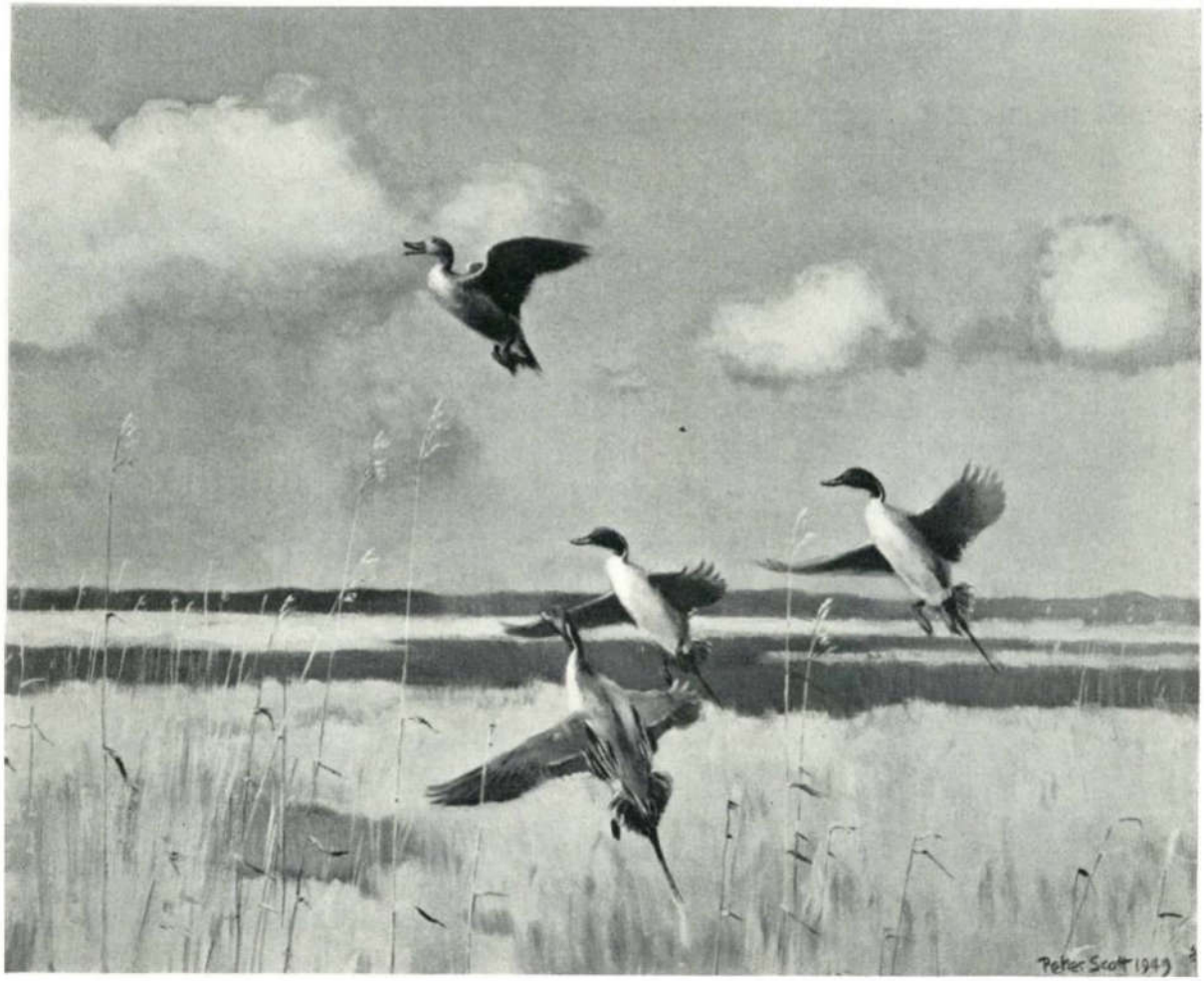
shallow waters, the soft horizons, the sharp definitions of wildfowl against skies that were high, wide and deep. Colonel Sullivan's eyes twinkled, I am sure, as I examined these pictures, and I was soon aware that we had struck a point of common interest in the marshland scenes which, though of England far away, still held the truths we could see before us in our own Manitoba.

Since then, drawn by common interests in art and wildfowl I have been in this room on the Libau Marsh many times with Colonel Sullivan and his friends. Always, it seemed, the conversations hinged on waterfowl, and often on the pictures of Peter Scott—what sort of man might he be, how and where did he do his painting, had any originals reached Canada, and so on. After the war there came the hope that Scott might visit Canada; and perhaps, being wildfowlers as we were, we might somehow become acquainted with him. Then one afternoon in October, 1948, I came to our village phone to hear: "This is Peter Scott speaking. I have just had a most wonderful day out at Colonel Sullivan's and now I am anxious to see a bit of the Delta Marsh. Do you think we can make it?" So we met the man himself. He was in Manitoba but three days, yet the bond of friendship was established and plans laid for a later visit. Scott was making a trip to Perry River in the Arctic, next spring, and he promised us he would stop over a while in Manitoba on his way home.

The 1949 expedition went off on schedule and Scott with his party added much of importance to our knowledge of the rare Ross's Goose and other wildlife of the Perry River. On his return from the north in early August he kept his promise, spending two weeks in Manitoba, mostly on the Libau and Delta marshes and mostly painting. The product of this period is an important series of paintings of the Manitoba scene, some of which are reproduced here.

The cover painting, *Pink Sky with Pintails, Delta Marsh*, which now hangs in Colonel Sullivan's library, looks west across Longburn Creek where Scott had gone to watch the evening stubble flight. The vast movement of mallard we had promised to show him had shifted to another region; but as we waited, a band of young pintails came to alight in the creek at our very feet. The picture was painted from a field sketch the next morning.

Pintails in the Sun, Delta Marsh *Courtesy of W. A. Murphy*



A release of young hand-reared pintails from Delta had been made at Libau near Sullivan's lodge, and these attracted a host of wild-bred companions. Throughout the late afternoons and evenings the comings and goings of these birds seemed never-ending. Scott made the sketches for *Young Pintails at Dusk, Libau Marsh*, from the doorstep of the lodge. A visitor suggested that he render the birds in their bright spring plumage with sharp tails and white vests. Scott was reluctant to do so, however, and the canvas remains true to the month of August with the ducks obviously in their drab juvenile dress. Peter was anxious to catch the early morning view eastward from Whittle's Point towards the Brokenhead, with the lodge in the middle distance. The sketch for *Mallards at Dawn, Libau Marsh*, was made on a rainy morning when the prospect was a wet skin or no sketches. The Colonel and Peter drove out across the meadows in a "Jeep" and there in the rain the sketch was made.

Pintails in the Sun, Delta Marsh, was painted more or less on a challenge. During one of the technical seminars at the Delta Waterfowl Research Station, Lyle K. Sowls had described the behaviour of the pintail hen when she seeks to solicit a new drake after she has lost her first nest to predators. Had Scott ever witnessed such behaviour in British pintails? The answer came several days later when the picture was produced, a faithful record of the hen's peculiar flight posture as she draws males to her from the surrounding marsh. The large canvas, *Canada Geese*, commemorates a trip to the Interlake Country with Dr. Walter Tisdale who had taken Scott there during his brief 1948 visit. Dr. Tisdale had visited Scott in Britain earlier in the year, urging him then to visit Manitoba.

We were all most interested in Scott's painting procedure and he delighted us by insisting on company while at work. After the sketches were made (it must be said that he always works from some on-the-spot record), Scott repaired to the studio room at Delta where the paints and canvas were ready. He is especially fond of high-grade canvasboard and apparently preferred this to stretched canvas. His medium was turpentine and linseed oil in equal proportions, and he used Windsor & Newton Flake White No. 1, supported by a very simple palette.

Young Pintails at Dusk, Libau Marsh *Courtesy of John B. Richardson*

Mallards at Dawn, Libau Marsh *Courtesy of Col. Arthur Sullivan*

In all the pictures of this series the backgrounds were laid in and completed before birds were rendered. The sky was painted with a large soft brush three inches in width, the subtle gradations from zenith to horizon being executed thinly with heavy brush work so that sometimes the full force of his shoulder seemed to be behind the brush. Then came the secondary sky effects, the clouds with their lights and shadings. In all of the twilight pictures the impression but not the image was captured in the field sketch. Hence in translating this fleeting scene to canvas, the details—where the light must strike a cloud, where the shadow casts a path—must be "worked out." In doing this, he marked the position of the sun, whether below the horizon or behind a cloud. All light in the picture radiated from this point. He worked in many ways to achieve the desired effect, laying aside his big brush and working now with the smaller bristles. Sometimes his brush was loaded with paint, especially when working with the highlights. Shadows were invariably painted thinly. Often he used the side of his little finger instead of a brush; and the pointed tip of wood on the small soft brushes was a frequently-used tool.

Once the sky was finished, the horizon line was established and the foreground developed. When the landscape was completed the canvas was laid aside and another placed on the easel. Backgrounds were allowed to dry until they became "tacky"; then the birds were entered. Decisions in respect to the number and position of birds required much thought with many a side twist of the head and distant look. Through it all Scott sang a great deal, sometimes from classic works, but mostly snatches from a popular tune. When he was in complete command of the picture his voice was loud and clear. When working with birds or when planning he hummed softly. Once the arrangement of his birds was established, he worked boldly. The ducks were placed directly on the finished background freehand without preliminary sketches, although sometimes he sketched the bird on paper first, making reference to this as he painted. Each bird was laid in roughly at first, always with colours taken from the background. Then they were built up with strict attention to form, but with detail secondary and ever an eye for motion and colour. Nobody ever sees a bird in the hand as in the air: and Scott paints them as they are seen alive and swiftly moving against the western glow. . . .

A great artist has painted a noble series of pictures, —truly an important step in the history of art on the Canadian prairies. ◆

YORK BOAT JOURNAL

A gently reared, delicate Englishwoman comes out to Rupert's Land in 1840 and travels from York Fort to Red River in an open boat.

by Isobel Finlayson

Introduction by Alice M. Johnson

THROUGH the kindness of Mrs. Gwendolen Ross Haddon, great grand-daughter of Sir George and Lady Frances Simpson, we are able to publish extracts from the *Note Book* written by Mrs. Isobel Finlayson recording her journey in 1840 from England to the Red River Settlement, where she was to make a home with her husband, Chief Factor Duncan Finlayson.

The writer of the small, green leather-bound book, secured with a brass clasp, was Isobel Graham, eldest daughter of Geddes McKenzie Simpson and his wife, Frances, and sister of Frances, wife of George Simpson, Governor of Rupert's Land.

Isobel's husband, Duncan Finlayson, had entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company as a clerk in 1815, when about twenty years of age. In due course he had risen to the ranks of Chief Trader (1828) and Chief Factor (1831). In 1837 he came to England on furlough and on November 10, 1838, was married to Governor Simpson's sister-in-law in St. Leonard's Church, Bromley, Middlesex. But he returned alone in 1839 to take up his new appointment as Chief Factor in charge of the Red River District at Fort Garry and as Governor of Assiniboia, leaving his wife, who was not strong enough to undertake the canoe journey, in the care of her parents.

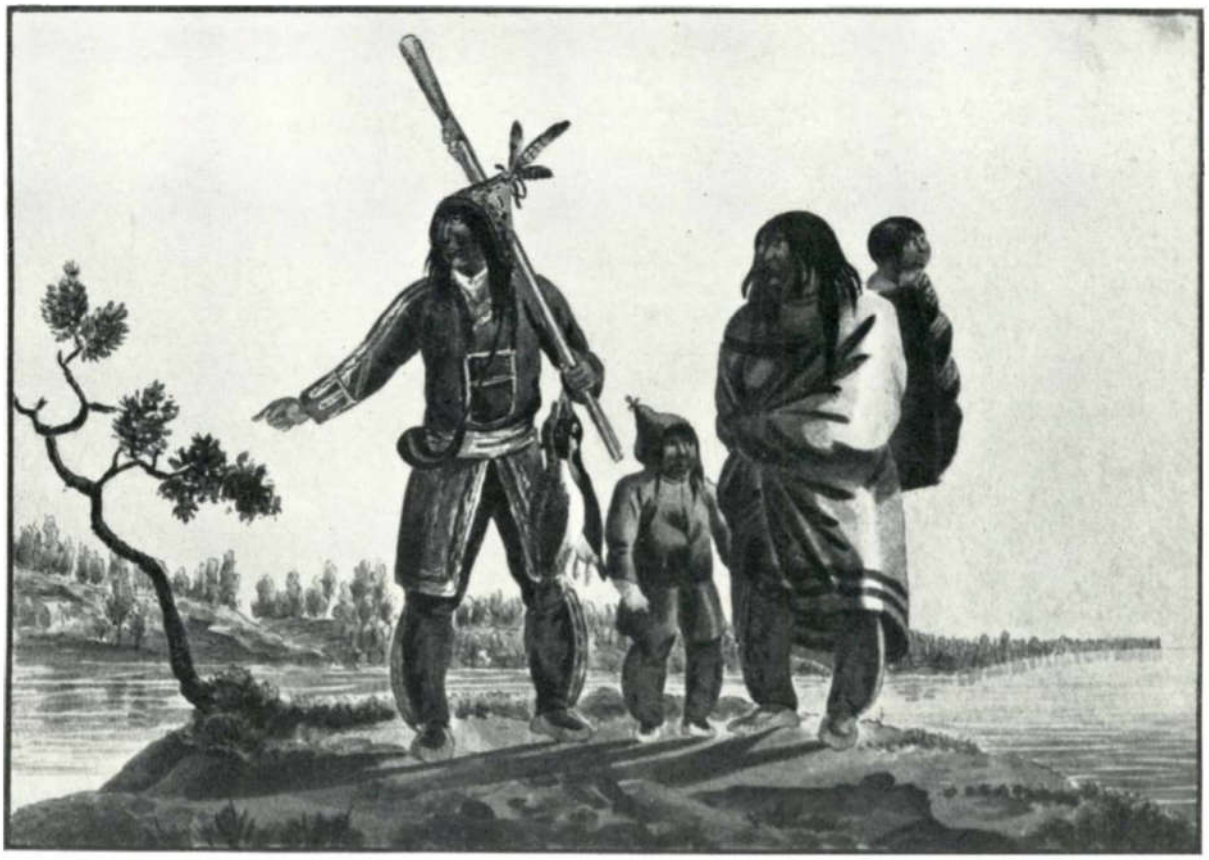
Several years before Finlayson had become connected with the Simpsons by marriage, the Governor, in his very confidential "Character Book," had expressed approval of him. Full approval of any one was seldom recorded in this little book, so Finlayson must in every way have deserved Simpson's description of him as "A highly upright honorable correct man of good Education and superior abilities . . . much liked by his Equals, inferiors and the Natives . . . Firm cool and decisive one of our best Legislators and most effective practical man, and his private conduct & character are models worthy of imitation; in short, he may be ranked high among the most respectable and efficient men of his class."

In 1840 Isobel Finlayson had the opportunity of accompanying the newly-married Hargraves, James and Letitia, as far as York Factory and, though still "very unwell, & very unwilling" was "apparently determined" to join her husband. The words quoted are Letitia Hargrave's whose letters to her family (published by the Champlain Society in 1947) supply us with numerous little pen pictures of Isobel Finlayson and their fellow travellers on the journey from London to York Factory.

Isobel Finlayson, sister-in-law of Sir George Simpson, and wife of Chief Factor Duncan Finlayson.
Courtesy Mrs. A. M. Wilson

On meeting Isobel Finlayson for the first time in 1840 Letitia Hargrave described her as being nearly thirty-one years of age, "little & lady like," with "a beautiful complexion," and "very pretty." Like the rest of her family, Isobel was delicate, and Letitia thought it "melancholy" to see their mother, "like nothing . . . but a *clocking* hen, running after her family to make them take care of themselves." Later Letitia had occasion to remark that Isobel Finlayson was a pattern as far as amiability and good breeding were concerned, but even without Letitia's opinion as a guide, there is no doubt that the reader of the *Note Book* would come to exactly the same conclusion.

To-day the journey from London to Winnipeg is a matter of a few hours by air. Isobel Finlayson endured weeks of discomfort. Compared with the women who came to Red River with the Selkirk Settlers she would have had every



Cree Indians near York Factory. A water colour by Peter Rindisbacher, done in 1821. Note the military type coat, the detachable hood tipped with feathers, and the way the flintlock is carried. *Pub. Archives of Canada*

possible comfort on the route and a home at her journey's end, so perhaps, in their opinion, would have had no reason to complain. Nevertheless, the long and uncomfortable journey by sea, followed by an even more uncomfortable journey by York boat, especially in rainy weather, would have been an endurance test for any woman of Isobel Finlayson's constitution and upbringing, and not all would have been so good-humoured and cheerful about it, even to spare the feelings of the "dear domestic circle" in England for whom her *Note Book* was intended.

The journal begins on June 6, 1840, in England; but as the story of the voyage to York Factory has already been dealt with in Letitia Hargrave's letters, the extracts chosen for publication here begin with Mrs. Finlayson's departure by boat up the river from York.—*A.M.J.*

FINLAYSON having finished his despatches for England and every thing being ready for our departure I on Tuesday the first of September [1840] took leave of my dear friend Mrs. Hargrave whose affectionate attention and pleasing society had been the greatest source of comfort to me during the voyage. We were now to be separated far from each other with little prospect of meeting again, and I felt in parting with her I was loosing the only female friend I possessed in this land of Strangers.

We were accompanied to the boats by Mr. Hargrave and all the members of the establishment and with kind wishes from all, our sails were spread and we soon left York Factory and its inmates far behind.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream" and instead of the wild and stormy ocean on which I had so lately been tossed, I was now calmly floating over the tranquil waters of the "Far West."

Our party occupied two [York] boats, each containing fifteen persons, eleven of whom formed the crew, and were chiefly Indians, belonging to Norway House, they were a most lively and active set of beings, admirable boatmen, very orderly well behaved and attentive, and I believe most of them were Christians. Mr. [Chief Factor Donald] and Miss [Jane] Ross, Miss Allen,[1] and George Thorn a Canadian Servant, occupied one boat, and Finlayson, myself, my maid, and our manservant, Crosbie, were in the other. The boats that are generally used for the navigation of these rivers, are very large, and strongly built the head and stern being alike, and they are steered in the Lakes with a rudder, and in the rivers with a sweep or large oar.

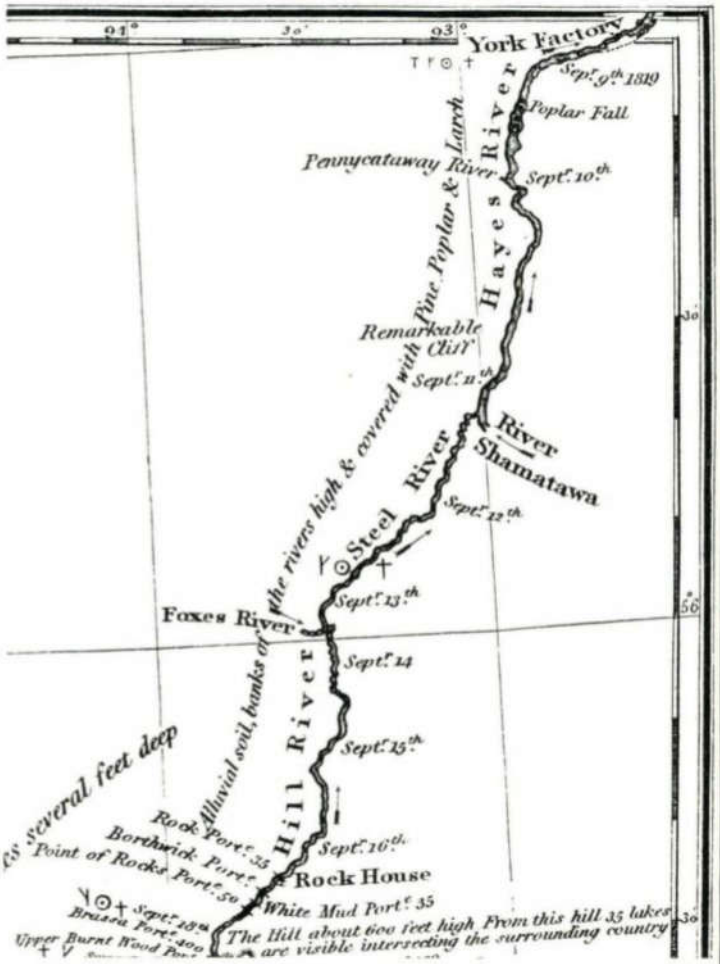
We had a fine wind and sailed all day, about two o'clock we put ashore for dinner on a low flat beach the case and basket (those most indispensable articles of Indian travelling) were quickly brought out of the boat, the table cloth

1. "An old maid of 50", as Letitia Hargrave describes her, going to be governess of the girls' school at Red River.

spread on the ground, and in a few minutes we were seated round our rural repast consisting of cold beef, ham, tongues and venison pie, which with port and white wine, was no bad fare in the wilderness, while the river furnished us with pure clear water for our ablutions. The travelling case is lined with baize and divided into several compartments, the upper part containing places for knives, and forks, spoons, glasses, cups and saucers, a cruet stand &c. and the lower part is fitted with large Chrystal flaggons, for wine and other liquids, and also contains a tea pot, and cases for tea and sugar. The baskets contain the provisions, and are lined with tin cases perforated with holes to admit the air. Dinner being over and every thing deposited in their places, we again returned to the boats, and continued our journey till sunset, when a good place was found for encamping. As soon as the signal was given for landing a general "Ho" was heard from the Indians, and the boats no sooner touched the shore, than a busy and lively scene commenced.

After a good spot was selected for the encampment, the tents were pitched by some of the men, who had each their various duties assigned them, some lighted the fires, and filled the Kettles for tea, another party would secure, arrange and cover the boats for the night, while others would disperse in various directions to collect and cut down fire wood. All this occupied but a short time, and we were soon seated or rather stretched oriental fashion on pillows, round our social meal, which was spread on the ground in one of the tents; the bright and cheerful blaze of the large fires (in which whole trees were generally consumed) illuminated the scene far and near penetrating even into the dark recesses of the lonely forest, while the merry laugh and cheerful voices of the Indians were heard above every other sound as they lay stretched at their ease around the fire, after the toil and labour of the day. We always retired early for the night, as we usually started again at four O'clock in the morning. Our tent was large and comfortable, and the bed was always made up in the centre of it, an oiled-cloth, impervious to water was first spread on the ground to preserve the bedding from the damp, over this, were laid two large buffalo robes, and then our blankets and pillows, and in such a bed (especially if spread on a smooth flat rock) I have slept as comfortably as on a bed of down. Two of the Indians attached themselves particularly to me during the voyage, and were always called my Indians, whenever we came to an encampment, I found one waiting to carry some of my things, while the other had bounded off to the woods to cut down Pinebrush, to strew under my bed to make it softer and more comfortable. It was quite amusing to see the attention of these poor sons of the forest, for which Finlayson did not forget to reward them at the end of our Journey.

I have hitherto described only the fair side of the picture, but one must not imagine that during a long inland voyage, the days were all sunshine, on the contrary, nothing can be more deplorable for the unfortunate traveller than to be exposed to the drenching rain for two or three days in an open boat or canoe, for some time an oilcloth thrown over



This section of a map from Franklin's journey of 1819 shows many of the places mentioned here by Mrs. Finlayson.

you, may secure you from the wet, but this soon becomes useless unless you remain constantly under it, therefore your only alternative is to submit with patience to your lot.

When it is time to encamp for the night, your tent may have to be pitched in the long wet grass, or worse than all on the wet sand; your bedding perhaps has got damp in the boat, and wet as it is there is no alternative but to spread it on the damp ground and every thing is cold and comfortless about you, and owing to the wood being wet, the fire will not even blaze to cheer you in your miserable condition. The situation of the poor men is worse than your own, for they must still be exposed to the heavy rain, performing the various duties of the evening. After a comfortless night you rise in the morning to resume the wet cloaks you have thrown off the previous day, with but little prospect of being able to better your condition the following night. Could time be spared the best plan to be adopted in such a case would be to select a good sheltered encampment, and there remain till the weather cleared up, but in this country where the traveller has sometimes a voyage of two, three, and sometimes five and six months before him, every hour is valuable, for after a certain season, the rivers set fast, and should this misfortune occur to a brigade of boats, passing through some of the lonely and uninhabited wilds of this vast and extensive country, starvation or consequences equally as disasterous must in-

evitably ensue. The boats are often unavoidably detained by head winds, and stormy weather in the lakes, which are frequently so rough, that no boat or canoe can cross them without the danger of being swamped or dashed to pieces on the rocks, hence it becomes the more necessary to proceed on your journey when the weather is moderate, whether it be sunshine or cloudy.

Wednesday 2nd. Started from our encampment at 4 A.M. As we advanced up the river the banks became higher and more picturesque, and covered with firs and pine, the weather was fine, clear and warm but as there was no wind, a tracking line was attached to the boat, and the men towed her along the Shore. They were divided into two parties, five working at a time. At the expiration of an hour, they were relieved by the other five, the steersman being better acquainted than any of the crew with the safest channels through which to pass, never leaving his post. In this way we advanced much more rapidly against the current, than with the oars, and the men seemed to prefer it to rowing, as there was greater variety and amusement in their employment, and it also gave them every hour to smoke or sleep, these being two of the principal enjoyments of an Indians existence. At two O'clock we put ashore for dinner at the entrance of Steel River, and encamped at sunset, a considerable distance up this river on a fine green bank.

Thursday 3rd. Left the encampment at half past four. At this early hour Finlayson always laid down to sleep in the boat, but every thing being new to me I could not rest, and preferred sitting up and watching our progress. The weather in the morning was rather lowering but towards noon cleared up. About sunset we entered Hill river, and encamped shortly after at the second point on the South side. This river from being narrower, and confined between high and precipitous banks, was much more rapid than the two former ones we had passed. Our encampment was made on one of these high banks, the dark pine woods forming a rich back ground, against the white tents and the blazing fires, the river was rolling rapidly below us and the moon shining brilliantly above, altogether formed a scene that struck me most forcibly with its novelty and beauty.

Friday 4th. Off again at 4 A.M. and breakfasted at a place called the Dancing Point. As we started so early in the morning, it was impossible to pay much attention to dress, but while breakfast was preparing, my dressing case was brought on Shore, which Mary [the maid] carrying to a retired spot, I finished my toilette by the side of the river; the rest of the party were occupied in a similar manner—the clear stream answering the double purpose of a basin and a mirror. In the morning the weather was gloomy with a few drops of rain but soon cleared up. The tracking ground was very bad in this part of the river, in some places the banks being so steep that the men were obliged to wade up to the middle in the water, while in others (owing to the rains of the preceeding Summer) the banks had fallen in immense masses, carrying trees and shrubs in their progress and sometimes extending half way across the bed of the stream, round these obstructions the water rushed in a strong and rapid torrent, rendering it very difficult to get the boats past them. We encamped this evening at the Half way Creek in this river; our tents were pitched on a small piece of green sward with a beach of smooth white sand in front, and a sloping bank covered with verdure rising behind us. It was a beautiful spot, and we enjoyed our evening walk very much, for after tea Finlayson and I always took a stroll along the banks of the river or into the woods, and talked of the friends who were far away.

Saturday 5th. Started as usual at four O'clock. Tracking ground very bad, being soft and miry. About two P.M. came to the Rock, the first Portage or carrying place that we had hitherto encountered but which are too frequently to be met with, in almost all the rivers of this Country. In some places the boats, or canoes, have only to be lightened of their cargoes, to enable them to ascend or descend the rapids, but in others, where there are dangerous rapids, or falls, the boats have even to be carried overland until the river again becomes navigable. Here a high ledge of rocks, extended the whole breadth of the river, over which the water fell in an impetuous torrent, and seemed to form an impenetrable barrier to our little vessels. A large flat rock formed an island in the centre of the Fall, and to this we directed our course, here we landed, and while preparations were making for getting the boats and cargoes over the rock, our table cloth was spread, and we dined on the romantic island with the roaring water all around us.

Raising the heavy boats over this formidable barrier, proved to be a work of no small labour and difficulty, for they have to be completely unloaded and taken out of the water, and then dragged across the rock and launched into the smooth stream above; this being accomplished, they were reloaded and we again embarked. This afternoon we passed two more rapids one of which I ascended in the boat, and the rest of the party walked to the upper end of the Portage. Some of the men standing on the banks of the river, held the lines attached to the head of the boat, while others jumping into the torrent assisted in pushing her up the stream, the bowsman standing at the bow, with his pole, kept her head clear of the rocks, and the steersman with his long sweep, stood at his post, guiding the boat and directing the men. The loud roar of the angry torrent, as it ran foaming and dashing past, threatening to carry boat and every thing before it, in its rapid and impetuous course—the tall and picturesque form of the Indian at the bow, the dark faces and strange language of the crew around me, and above even the roar of the water the voice of the helmsman, cheering and encouraging his men, altogether formed a scene that may be imagined, but cannot adequately be described. At sunset we encamped at a point of rocks [the Point of Rocks] above the White Mud Portage. ◆

Mrs. Finlayson's description of her voyage to Red River will be continued in the next issue.

THE BEAVER'S LODGE

Little known facts about beaver architecture are revealed here by a trapper of thirty years' experience.

by Frank Conibear

Illustrations from the author's book, *_The Wise One_

IN the issue of the *Beaver* December 1950 there appeared an article contradicting some of the common beliefs regarding animal habits. I was particularly interested in the one concerning beaver. The writer of the article told of having received a newspaper clipping, stating that a game warden had found a beaver lodge of which the ground floor was occupied by a beaver family, the second by a group of muskrats, and the third by a pair of mink with their latest litter. The writer pooh-poohed the idea as fantastic. It is, however, a well known fact that muskrats do live in lodges with beaver. I have several times caught them in traps set inside beaver houses. And also, in places where beaver are living on lily roots, if one examines the pieces left on the floors inside the beaver houses the easily identifiable teeth marks of muskrats may be found. Whether the muskrats have separate rooms within the beaver lodge I do not know, but I do know that they have tunnels round the outer, lower edges of the lodge from one room to another. As I do not know whether muskrats have rooms in a beaver lodge I am unable to say whether they raise families there or not.

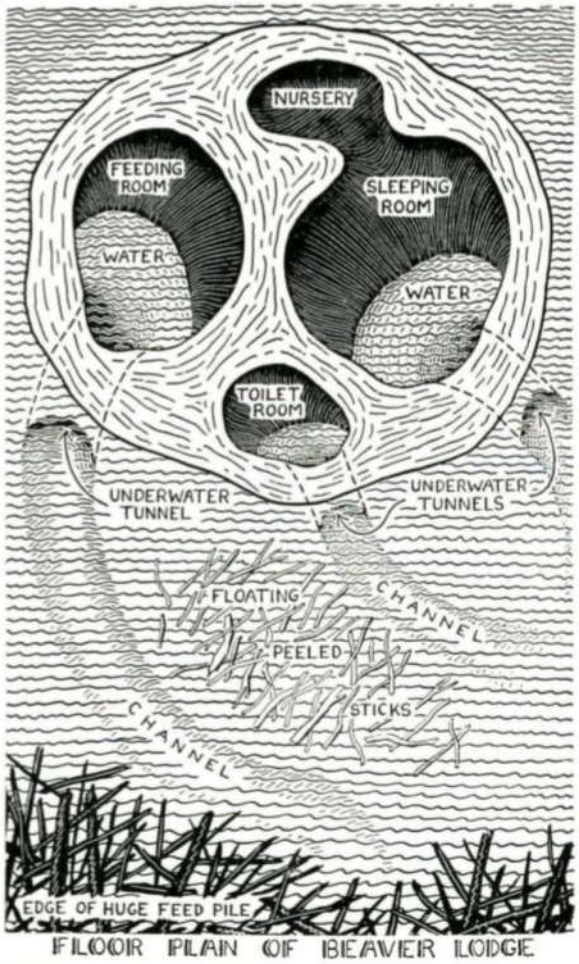
Mink certainly are at least visitors to the interiors of beaver lodges. Often in the winter months a mink will make a tunnel from the outside into the interior of a beaver house. In this way he is able to leave the lodge on hunts over the surface of the snow and in addition, by using the beavers' exit, make other excursions under the ice for fish and muskrats. In such a location a mink will sometimes remain throughout the winter. Again, I am unable to say whether a mink would bring up a family in the upper part of the lodge, but I think it quite likely. It is an ideal place for a mink, but I doubt whether the muskrats below would be able to bring up a family in such close proximity to their greatest enemy, the mink.

I was a professional trapper for over thirty years and I have seen so many strange things in the wilds that I certainly would not venture to say that this could not be so. I once set an otter trap in a spillway over the top of a beaver dam in two inches of water and at different times caught a mink, a jackfish and an ermine in it. So now, if someone tells me something about the habits of animals that I have never observed myself, having no proof to the contrary, I say that it is not usual.

The statement that beaver have only one room in any lodge, and that it "is simply a small, dark, stuffy cave formed of small billets of poplar wood roughly daubed with mud" is contrary to the facts. In the days before the institution of game laws in the Northwest Territories the Indians hunted the beaver there during the winter by breaking into their lodges, and by finding their refuge holes in the banks. In doing so they learned more about beaver habits than has ever been recorded in books. I myself, travelling with them, examined the interiors of these lodges many times.

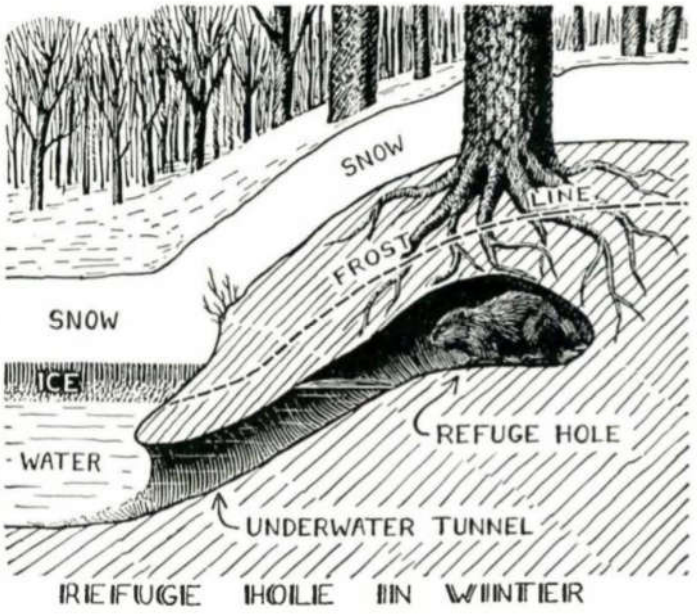
The outsides of the houses are formed of sticks roughly daubed with mulch, but the inside walls are neatly hewn out of what appears to be well packed peat. The walls and

Sometimes the beaver feed in the sleeping room, and sleep in the feeding room. The nursery is blocked when not in use as such. *Michael Bevans*



FLOOR PLAN OF BEAVER LODGE

*Wm. Sloane Associates, N.Y., 1949.



If their lodge is attacked after freeze-up, the beaver flee to a hole in the bank below the frost line.
Michael Bevans

ceilings are as smooth as a piece of sliced gingerbread. The walls partitioning room from room are from one to two feet thick, and easily broken through with an axe, or even with the bare hands. Of the floor, about one third is covered with water, which gradually deepens, from the bed bench to the underwater tunnel which leads outside the lodge into the waters of the lake. The rest of the floor area is from four to six inches above water and is composed of excelsior-like chips dropped by the beaver when stripping feed sticks. The beaver, when feeding, apparently sit in the shallower water, or at its edge, not on the floor proper.

The smaller lodges housing only one, or a pair of beaver, have only one room, but when the family increases and the lodge is made larger, there are more rooms. The rooms are oval and somewhat dome-shaped, and vary in size; but for full families—the two parents, one litter approaching two years who will leave home at the end of their second year, and one litter under a year—a room at its base might be eight or ten feet long and four to five feet wide by three feet high in the centre, which is as high as a beaver can reach.

In my youth the Indians who were my companions along the trap-line told much of the ways of beaver. In speaking of the beaver lodges, they described the larger ones as containing usually three rooms, a room for sleeping, a room for eating in, and a smaller room where the beaver passed their excrement, which was cleaned out at regular intervals. In addition to these rooms, it was said, the mother of the family in the spring hollowed out for herself an additional small room in the thick part of the partition, in which to have her young. In my own observations of beaver I have never found anything which caused me to doubt the genuineness of either of these items of information. On the contrary, I have seen what I believe to be proof that the Indians, with centuries of beaver lore behind them were, as always, right.

While beaver do appear to have a room principally for feeding in they nevertheless at times seem to eat in any of the rooms, and while they appear to have a room especially for sleeping in, some appear to sleep sometimes in the room where they take their meals. It may be that they merely rest there. When breaking into a lodge the Indians were careful not to let any of the loosened material fall onto the bed bench, for there each beaver has its own sleeping place, and it is by the number and size of these hollows that the number and ages of the beaver in a lodge is known.

I have found in the thick partitions of beaver lodges a small, unused room, the entrance to which has been blocked. This I assumed to have been a nursery. At the time the does (females) give birth to their young their skins are dull and shabby and of little value; consequently I have never broken into the lodges at this time. However, in previous decades when beaver pelts were not so highly graded, it is probable that the Indians broke open the lodges and it would be at such times that they would have found the female, where there were other young in the lodge, occupying the nursery which she had created for her new litter.

But more in dispute than any other statement about the habits of beaver is that to the effect that privies have been found within the lodges. I was once shown a small room in a lodge which the Indians spoke of as a privy, but being at the time more interested in the catch I did not take time to examine it carefully. However, I have on three occasions come upon caves in the bank which it was obvious had been put to this use by the beaver during the winter.

I should say here that beaver have caves or rooms in the bank which can only be reached from below after ice has covered the water, to which they can flee should the lodge be attacked after freezeup, preventing their flight to farther places. If a beaver is living alone there is often one refuge hole only, but a larger family, especially one that has lived in one place for several years, will have a number of them. Some may be tunnels in the bank, twenty feet or more in length, with laterals in addition. Where the dam is far from the lodge the beaver will have stations which serve as breathing and resting places if the distance cannot be covered in one dive. Also there is usually one refuge hole close to the dam where they rest when they come down under the ice to inspect it; there they may also rest between spells of work on the dam, if it needs repairs.

It is remarkable that the basic domestic ways of beaver should so closely resemble those of mankind. And even more remarkable that in all probability the beaver had reached their present peak of domesticity, involving the building of a dam, assembling of food and system of storage, the building of lodges with dormitories, nurseries, a separate room for eating, and even a privy, while man still lived in rude caves and slept on the ground. ◆

Beauty's Only Skin Deep

by Douglas Leechman

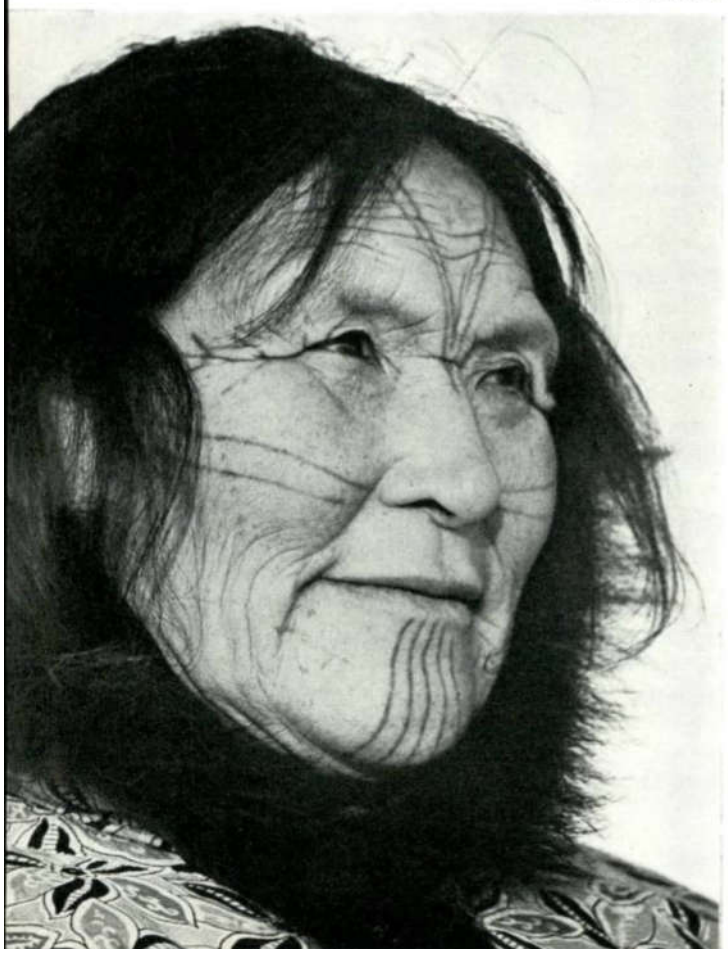
THOUGH Captain Martin Frobisher, back in the 1570's, was certainly not the first white man to meet the Eskimo, he may well have been the first to describe the way in which their women tattooed their faces.

"The women are marked on the face with bleue streekes downe the cheekes and round about the eies. Also, some of their women race [scratch] their faces proportionally, as chinne, cheekes, and forehead, and the wristes of their hands, whereupon they lay a colour, which continueth dark azurine."

Apparently the word tattoo, which has nothing at all to do with a military tattoo, was first used in English by Captain Cook after he had seen numerous examples of the art among the South Sea Islanders. It is a Tahitian word, from a root *ta* which means to strike or tap, so *tata* or tattoo means to tap again and again.

Tattooing is widespread throughout the world and throughout history. It was known in Ancient Egypt, is mentioned (though not by that name) in the Bible, and reached its highest recent development in Polynesia and Japan. It is confined largely to light-skinned races, for the marks show poorly against a dark skin. People with heavily pigmented skin used cicatrization as a substitute, making patterns of raised scars by cutting the skin and rubbing clay in so as to prevent normal healing.

In one method of Eskimo tattooing, a piece of wet sinew blacked with carbon is pulled through holes made under the skin. *R. Harrington*



Practically all the people of North and South America went in for tattooing, and it was common among the Eskimo from Greenland to Kodiak Island and Siberia. There is some reason to believe it was not used in Smith Sound, between Northern Ellesmere Land and Greenland.

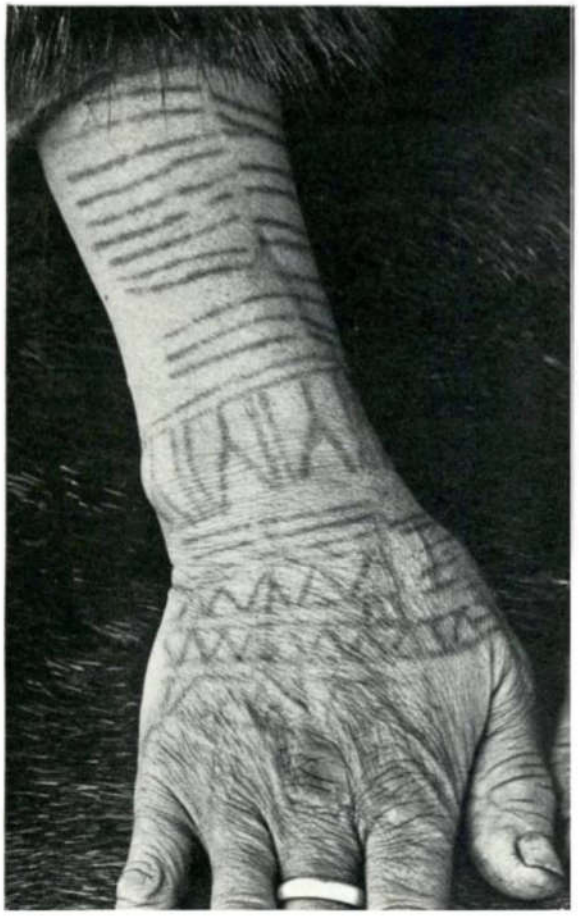
The most detailed account of any of the several methods employed is given by Osgood, in writing of the Ingalik people of the interior of Alaska, who lived next door to the Eskimo and shared many features of their culture.

"To tattoo," he says, "a woman first marks out the pattern with charcoal on the patient's skin. This consists of one to four single or double lines ordinarily copied from the patient's mother, but possibly from some other woman. The woman doing the tattooing lifts a bit of her patient's skin between her own thumb and first finger and then pushes the point of the awl through it so that the skin is punctured in two places. She then immediately pushes through the holes a one-foot strand of sinew previously prepared by wetting with water (except for the initial end left stiff so it can be pushed through the holes in the skin) and a coating of charcoal. The process is then repeated using the second hole of the first puncture as the first hole for the second puncture. The stiff end of the sinew is put back into the second hole of the first puncture and pushed out of the second hole of the second puncture. When pulled tight by pulling on both ends of the strand, no part remains to pass through the second hole of the first puncture. The procedure continues in accordance with the length of tattoo line desired."

"When tattooing is done on the chin," he goes on, "the ends of the strand of charcoal-coated sinew are finally cut off close to the holes from which they emerge. The chin swells up and the girl eats only cold soup (if a girl ate hot food at this time, her chin would rot). In a few days the swelling goes down and the strand is pulled out. After about two days the end of the strand is pulled a little to test it. When right to come out, it will pull easily. The taboo on eating is then ended."

Various materials are used in tattooing in different parts of the country, but carbon in one form or another is the fundamental. Frequently this is soot or lampblack taken from the bottom of the cooking pot, but charcoal obtained from birch bark or willow is also mentioned. It was ground up fine before using, as was also lignite which was sometimes preferred. In more recent years, since white contact, gunpowder has been used also. The Eskimo used black pigment only, but some West Coast tribes had a red too.

This woman, who frequents Chesterfield Inlet, has an unusually elaborate set of tattoo marks, covering the arms from shoulder to hand. *G. M. Hoshal*



The actual piercing was done with a needle, an awl, or a pointed bone. Steel needles are preferred today because they are sharp and slender, and therefore hurt less. Cotton thread has largely replaced sinew in the few areas where tattooing is still done.

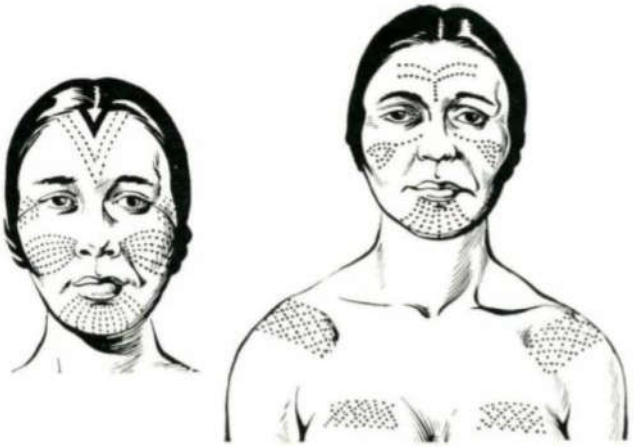
The method described by Osgood is not the only one used. In some cases, the skin was pricked till it bled and charcoal was then simply rubbed in, perhaps several times. In Hudson Bay, an awl was passed under the skin and then withdrawn, to be followed immediately by a sharp sliver of wood which had been dipped in oil and soot. Lampblack or soot looks dark blue when it is under the skin rather than black.

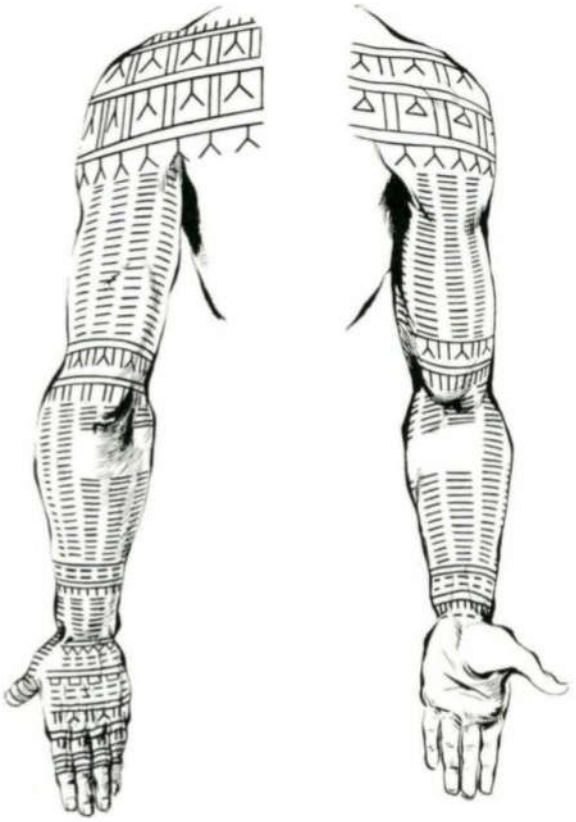
The patterns used were much the same from one end of Eskimo territory to the other, and the part of the body most frequently tattooed was the chin. Vertical lines, fanning out slightly, ran from the lower lip to the bottom of the chin. There might be one, three, five, or seven, or even more. If there was but one, then it was likely to be broad. Next in importance were the cheeks; lines stretched from the corners of the mouth towards the ears, sometimes parallel, sometimes enclosing a long ellipse. The forehead, too, was often marked with a large double letter V, running from the roots of the hair down to the bridge of the nose.

Hands, wrists, and fingers were tattooed and, less frequently, arms and legs, and even the women's breasts. The designs were symmetrical, each arm or leg carrying the same pattern. Geometrical ones were used almost exclusively by the women, but the men, who were seldom tattooed, did use some realistic designs. One author, named Gilder, with more enthusiasm than accuracy, says: "Ionic columns, Corinthian capitals, together with Gothic struc-

Left: Another method of tattooing is to thrust under the skin a sharp sliver of wood dipped in oil and soot. *R. Harrington*

Below: Examples of tattooing on chin and hand. *Ted Ingram*





There is considerable variety in the designs that Eskimos choose to have tattooed on different parts of the body. The sketches on the right show the designs on the front and back of the same arm. The legs belong to two different people. *Ted Ingram*

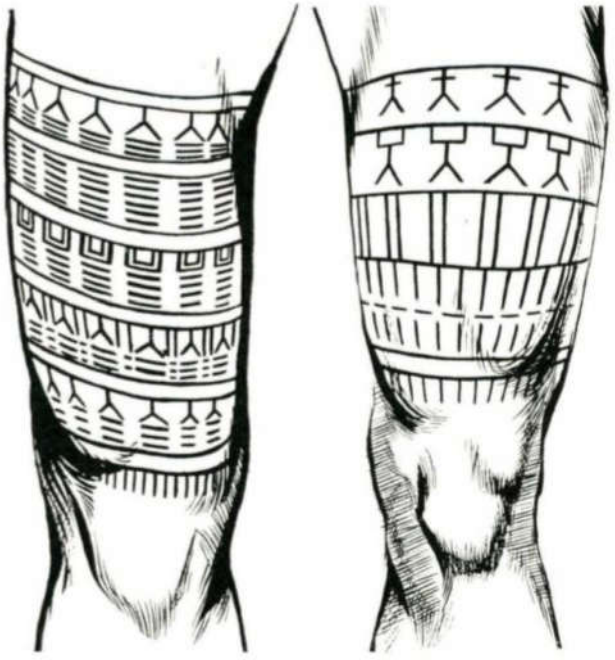
tures of every kind are created wherever there is an opportunity to place them, but I never saw any attempts at figures or animals."

Men, apparently less inclined to the decoration of their persons, were infrequently tattooed and never as much as were the women. Among men, it was a mark of distinction. Men who were, or once had been, captains of successful whaling umiaks had series of whale flukes tattooed on them as a sort of tally. One man, Anora, "had a broad band across each cheek from the corners of the mouth made up of many indistinct lines, which was said to indicate many whales." Another man had the flukes of seven whales across his chest. Other men had narrow lines across the face and over the bridge of the nose, which were probably whale marks.

"Two horizontal lines across the nose," says Murdoch, "indicated a murderer; the killing of a bear had its mark, and other devices were in remembrance of an absent or deceased person."

Girls were usually tattooed about puberty, though some little girls of nine or ten would have a single line tattooed down the middle of the chin. "Not all girls are tattooed," says Osgood. "If a girl can not stand the pain, she is not forced to undergo it, but other girls may say 'You look like a boy.' Such a girl may have the backs of her hands tattooed which hurts less. Tattooing is said to look nice, but obviously having endured it brings prestige." In the old days few, if any, married women were not tattooed.

Tattooing, like the wearing of the labret, is disappearing fast, and today one seldom sees it on young women or girls. When in the Eastern Arctic in the 1930's I saw a number of older women who were heavily tattooed but no young people. The Eskimo woman is quite ready to follow her white sister, not only in the things she does, but also in the things she does not. ◆



SUCCESSOR to SIMPSON

A. G. Dallas, who succeeded Sir George Simpson as Governor of Rupert's Land, has been paid scant attention by historians, though his services to Canada were notable.

by B. A. McKelvie

"PUT up at the Caledonian, dined and went in search of dear Jane," wrote Sir James Douglas in describing his arrival at Inverness on August 10, 1864. "On inquiring at the door of the house, she recognized my voice, and I heard her exclaim, 'Oh, my own dear papa.' She rushed to the door and threw herself into my arms. Overcome by my emotions, I could hardly speak—either to her or Dallas—but made up for my silence by a hearty and prolonged shake of the hand."

This happy doorstep meeting of the rugged old man who for so many years had dictated the destinies of what is now British Columbia, and his daughter and son-in-law Alexander Grant Dallas, lately retired as Governor-in-Chief of Rupert's Land, meant more than a reunion of the young wife and her parent. The hands clasped in friendship were those of two empire builders who had disagreed and parted in anger. Jane—devoted wife of one and dutiful daughter of the other—had brought them together again.

The place of James Douglas in moulding and guiding British Columbia in its formative days is known to every student of Canadian history: the valuable contributions of Alexander Grant Dallas to the development of the Hudson's Bay Company's vast domain and its preparation for inclusion within the framework of Confederation were less publicly spectacular and therefore less well known. That Dallas did effective work in this respect was attested by the late Sir E. W. Watkin, who himself was knighted for the part he played in forming the Dominion.

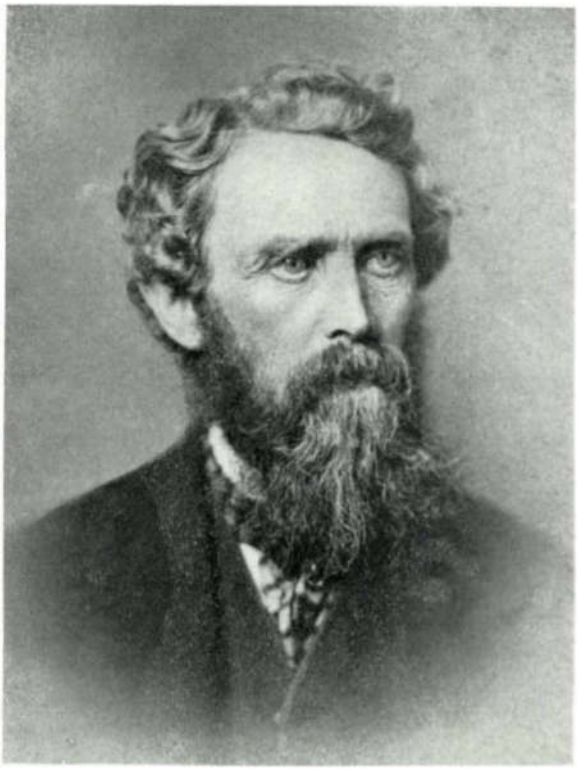
The parents of Dallas, like those of Douglas, were associated with the West Indies: Dallas having been born at Berbice, British Guiana, July 25, 1816. His father, Murdoch Dallas, was a physician. When Alexander was still an infant Dr. Dallas died and the family returned to Scotland, where his grandfather was a well-to-do merchant. The boy proved to be an apt scholar, taking the gold medal at the Inverness Academy.

On leaving school he entered upon a business career at Liverpool, and later became associated with the famous firm of Jardine, Matheson & Co., of China. He spent five years in the Far East, during which he prospered. There he contracted fever and decided to retire to Scotland, so severed his connection with his business associates in the Orient.

Dallas had acquired a reputation as a sound and conscientious business man, and it was not long until he was called upon once more to leave home and engage in commerce. Andrew Colvile, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, died on February 3, 1856. He was succeeded in office by John Shepherd, with Henry Hulse Berens as Deputy Governor. The vacancy on the board of directors created by these promotions was offered to young Dallas, who had but recently made a modest investment in Company stock.

The times were anxious and difficult ones: Great Britain was at war with Russia, and unrest was prevalent. In British possessions in America, Canada was casting envious eyes towards the West, where the Company's territories stretched towards the mighty Rockies; the aging Sir George Simpson—"The Little Emperor"— was loosening his minute and personal direction of details of the tremendous business that spanned a continent. On the Pacific coast, where the Company had engaged to manage a Crown Colony and operate coal mines to further the interests of the Empire, things were becoming confused. This was particularly so in respect of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, a companion organization, which had been more or less personally directed from home by Andrew Colvile, through the agency of Kenneth McKenzie, as bailiff. James Douglas, chief factor and head of the Board of Management on the Pacific slope, was governor of Vancouver's Island. His official duties were encroaching upon his commercial responsibilities. The new Governor and Committee decided that something must be done to correct matters on the Pacific Coast, especially in respect of the farm organization, as well as to give assistance to Douglas in the perplexing conditions of business administration that arose from time to time within his purview. The choice of a suitable representative for this involved duty fell upon the new and unmarried member of the Board, Alexander Grant Dallas.

On his arrival at Victoria, Dallas, who carried wide powers and designation as "President of the Council," was received by the stately Douglas with old-world courtesy and generous hospitality. But the new comer was not long in discovering that, apart from the Puget Sound Company —which had always been in other hands—Douglas held tight grip on all the details of the Hudson's Bay Company's business as well as those of the Colony. The gigantic governor had become a dual despot; he ruled for the Crown and for the Company, and where their interests conflicted he made his own decision, and it was final. Honourable, courageous, experienced in handling Indians, and deeply religious, his righteousness was of the uncompromising character of the Old Testament. Against this powerful and unyielding personality Dallas was brought to a perplexed



Alexander Grant Dallas and his wife, Jane Douglas. "Surely those who have profited by his self-denying labours," wrote Sir E. W. Watkin, "might consider whether his great services should be allowed to fall into oblivion."

stop. He contented himself at the outset with attacking the confusion of the affairs of the Puget Sound Company, and with the aid of Alexander Munro, a capable accountant, they were soon in sound and comprehensible shape.

While Dallas could make but little headway with Douglas in matters of business, he did find an attentive and responsive ear in the hospitable home of the Governor, where there was music and laughter and grace and beauty, and where matters of business or politics did not intrude. Jane Douglas was but 18 years when the 41-year-old Dallas met her. She was a beautiful girl, with a charm of manner and accomplishment that could hardly be anticipated in a place so remotely situated as Fort Victoria. Dallas pressed his suit and was accepted. The paternal blessing was given, and they were married in the district church, March 9, 1858. It is too bad that no accounts exist of the wedding celebration, for it is certain that His Excellency would not stint himself to honour his beloved "little Jane." The happy couple spent their honeymoon on St. Juan Island.

Now the whole picture of affairs on Vancouver Island changed. Gold was discovered on the mainland, and a wave of gold-mad adventurers crashed down upon Victoria. They came by thousands; in steamers, so crowded that there was scarce standing room; on sailing vessels, and in smaller craft. They swarmed about the fort, demanding supplies and information. They were headed for the Fraser River. Douglas's commission did not include that territory, but he realized that this mad mob of 33,000 excited men who flooded in to the country in three months, must be controlled, so he assumed executive authority. But this assumption of power—wise as it might be, and beneficial as it was—left him little or no time to give attention to the Company's affairs.

Dallas complained to London, that "Mr. Douglas' time is almost entirely taken up with the business of the Crown & he will not allow any one to act for the Company—Consequently business is not carried on as it ought to be & large profits are slipping through our fingers."

The gold rush caused so many problems that even the slow moving officials at Westminster realized that something must be done, and that hurriedly, so the mainland was formed into a separate Crown Colony, under the name of British Columbia, and Douglas was offered the governorship, provided that he would resign from the direction of affairs for the Company. He was also to retain the governorship of Vancouver's Island, and the Hudson's Bay Company was to end its management of that colony for the Crown. Dallas was on the point of retiring and returning to London when these changes were brought about. Asked to defer his resignation, he consented, and assisted greatly in bringing the changes into smooth operation.

Governor Douglas determined to build Government buildings at Victoria. The various departments had been occupying apartments in the fort, while Governor Blanshard's old house had also been occupied. Douglas planned to have the permanent Government buildings located on the site of Blanshard's house and gardens. Then he found

that the space would not permit of expansion, so he decided to sell the land and with the proceeds build on a ten acre Government reservation across James Bay. He had the property, that extended from the fort to Yates along Government street, surveyed and subdivided, and advertised the lots for sale. Dallas pointed out to him that while the land had been occupied by the Government there had been no conveyance to the Crown by the Company, and that this land was part of that to which the Hudson's Bay Company had "possessory rights," prior to the formation of the colony. Douglas persuaded his son-in-law to let the sale go on, have the company make conveyance direct to the purchasers, and let him have the money paid for the property. This Dallas did, but having paid over the money, he asked when it would be returned. Douglas replied that it would not; that the vacating of the site by the Crown was sufficient. The inevitable clash between two strong men had occurred.

Dallas indignantly accused his father-in-law of trying to take from the Company something that was rightfully its property. He wrote hotly to London, and the Company passed his letters on to the Government. Douglas, in cold, sarcastic terms informed the Colonial office that the property belonged to the Crown. So, for months, the war of letters continued.

What made the dispute more irksome to Dallas was the manner in which the Governor clung to direction of Hudson's Bay affairs: perhaps the habit had become too strong, and in his own mind the relationship so interwoven that he could not do so readily. At all events, a month after he was supposed to have severed his connections with the company, Dallas was forced to report:

"Mr. Douglas has, I think, little idea of giving up control of the Company's business, but you may depend upon my doing all in my power to preserve the amicable & friendly feeling between us."

It was not until late in 1859 that Dallas received a letter from the head office in London for him to deliver to Douglas. It was a peremptory order for him to relinquish dealings with the affairs of the Company.

Dallas again wished to quit, but was once more asked to remain and endeavour to facilitate the transfer of land control and the adjustment of accounts and titles as between the Company and the Colony.

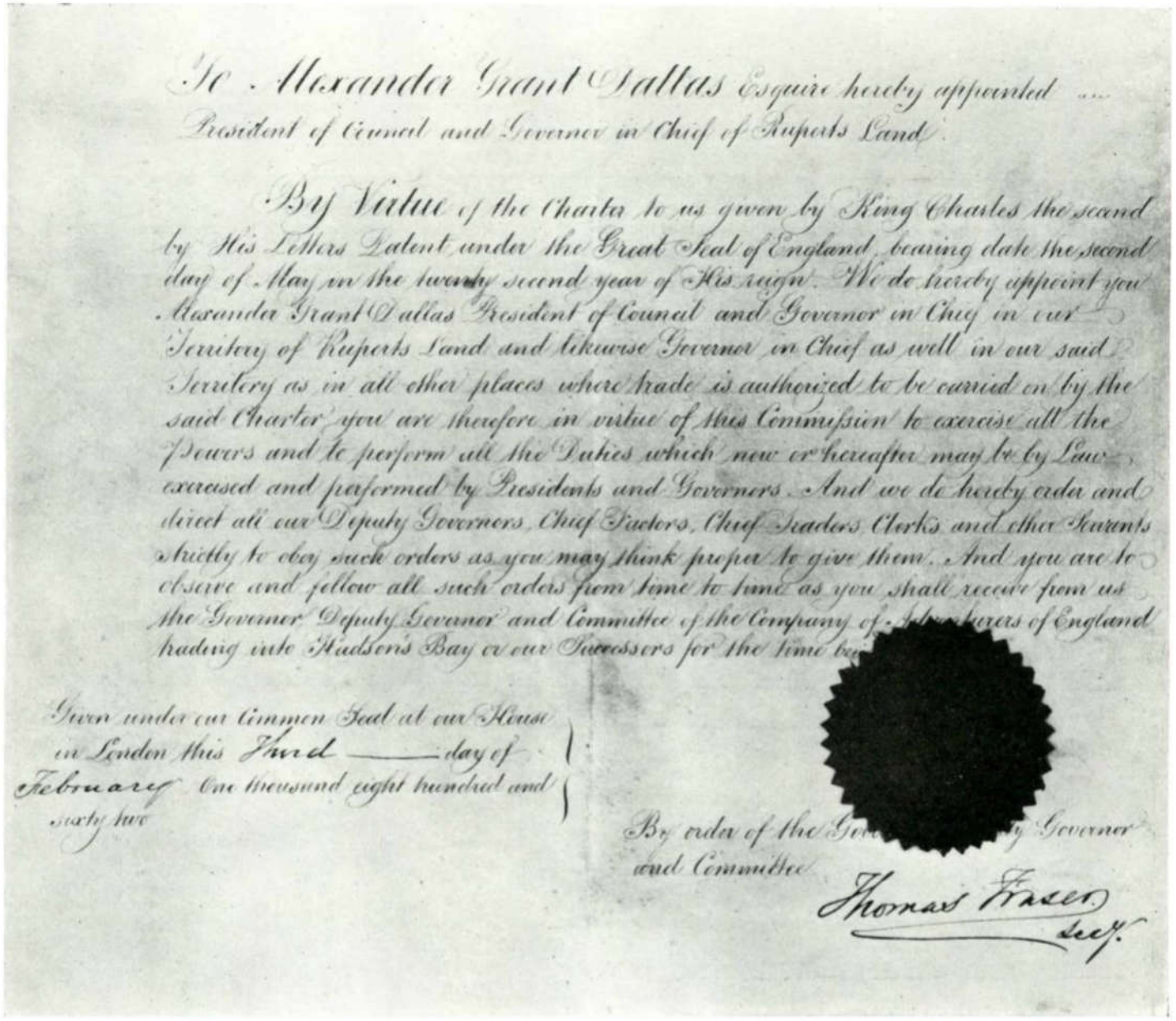
Then on September 7, 1860, the end came for Sir George Simpson. Before his passing, Simpson had named Dallas as the person most fitted to succeed him. So it was that the Governor and Committee concurred, and the mantle of "The Little Emperor" fell on the shoulders of the bearded young Dallas who had distinguished himself despite the frustrations that beset him, as a shrewd business man possessed of unbounded tolerance and patience.

There was great excitement in Victoria when it was learned that "Mr. Dallas is going to be Governor of Rupert's Land." There was sorrow on the part of gentle Jane and her mother and sisters; and even the stern, silent old man, who beneath his mask of dignified pomposity was sentimental, and felt the pang of separation. Dallas was a popular figure. His big home, facing Government street close to the fort, was always open to his friends; he loved horses and dogs. Several nights before he was scheduled to sail, he met with some naval and other friends in the Brown Jug Hotel and there they formed the Victoria Jockey Club—of which he was unanimously chosen the "first member." One of his last acts in leaving Victoria was to present a choice building lot to one of his servants.

It was on February 3, 1862, that the Governor and Committee in London handed Dallas his commission as President of the Council and Governor in Chief of Rupert's Land. At the same time he was named a Justice of the Peace for those territories.

It was May 18 when he reached Fort Garry, having ridden there after tiring at the delays that held up the first sailing of the river steamer *International* from Georgetown, on the Red River. He left Mrs. Dallas and the family to await the steamer while he pushed ahead on horseback. It was at Georgetown that he met the "Overlanders" and gave them some sound advice and a promise of assistance. The Overlanders were a group of young Canadians who were on their way to Fort Garry where they were to

Dallas's father-in-law, Sir James Douglas, K.C.B., first governor of B.C. *B.C. Archives*



To Alexander Grant Dallas Esquire hereby appointed ... President of Council and Governor in Chief of Ruperts Land.

By Virtue of the Charter to us given by King Charles the second by His Letters Patent under the Great Seal of England, bearing date the second day of May in the twenty second year of His reign. We do hereby appoint you Alexander Grant Dallas President of Council and Governor in Chief in our Territory of Ruperts Land and likewise Governor in Chief as well in our said Territory as in all other places where trade is authorized to be carried on by the said Charter you are therefore in virtue of this Commission to exercise all the Powers and to perform all the Duties which now or hereafter may be by Law exercised and performed by Presidents and Governors. And we do hereby order and direct all our Deputy Governors, Chief Factors, Chief Traders Clerks and other Servants strictly to obey such orders as you may think proper to give them. And you are to observe and follow all such orders from time to time as you shall receive from us the Governor Deputy Governor and Committee of the Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudsons Bay or our Successors for the time be

Given under our Common Seal at our House in London this Third day of February One thousand eight hundred and sixty two

By order of the Gov[illegible] Governor and Committee

Thomas Fraser Secy.

Dallas's commission as Governor-in-Chief of Rupert's Land. On the same day he was appointed a justice of the peace for the territory. Both documents, now owned by his daughter, bear the Company's seal.

assemble and walk across the plains and through the mountains to the goldfields of Cariboo. The kindness of Governor Dallas and the manner in which he sent word to all Hudson's Bay posts to aid the adventurers is told in many old diaries of that great journey.

The new governor did not stop long at Fort Garry, but hurried away to visit the widely separated establishments of the fur fields. With speed such as had characterised the trips of Simpson in his hey-day, Dallas made the great circuit as far as Fort Chipewyan and Slave Lake, Dunvegan, Vermilion and Edmonton, with intervening posts. He left Norway House on June 28 and returned to Fort Garry on September 30.

Conditions were unstable. There was dissatisfaction at Red River; antagonisms were kept alive and new ones kindled by agitators. The Sioux Indians were a source of trouble, crossing the border from the United States to escape the soldiers of the Republic. The Indians and halfbreeds—particularly the latter—were an uncertain quantity, and to add fertility to the soil for rebellion and strife, neither the Imperial nor the Canadian Government would take any definite action towards implementing or disavowing the recommendations of the Parliamentary Committee of 1857 that had recommended the acquisition by Canada of the Hudson's Bay Territories.

Then came a proposal, largely the idea of the fertile mind of E. W. Watkin, M.P., to extend a telegraph and postal road across the western wilderness to British Columbia and the Pacific Coast. Dallas took a most active part in discussion of this scheme. It indirectly led to the sale of the Hudson's Bay Company stock to the International Finance Society, and the reorganization of the Company.

Governor Dallas had been viewing the great distances over which he had travelled not only with an eye to their

fur production, but as the future home of a productive and enterprising British race. In this he and Watkin were one—and Watkin was now an influential member of the Committee. Writing to Watkin, August 17, 1863, he emphasized the necessity for Crown government to establish land titles, and in speaking of gold discoveries on the Saskatchewan he declared: "The miners must be encouraged, and mining licenses cannot be expected to do more than pay the cost of collection, magistracy, police &c. The surrender of all this territory to the Crown, however, is a question to be dealt with by the Board. My aim is to disabuse you of the idea that the Company can of itself turn the territory to profit by sale of lands, mining rights, making roads telegraphs &c."

Dallas, who had already determined to go home, gave warning of the trouble that was to eventuate in an uprising seven years later as evidenced by another communication to Watkin, October 16, 1863:

"As my residence in that country will now be a very short one, and as I have no pecuniary interest in the Company or the country, I write disinterestedly, and this knowledge may induce his Grace to pay some attention to my warnings. There will be serious trouble hereafter with the Indians and half-breeds, unless the local government is better supported, and such men as Ross and others are discountenanced."

Dallas, in keeping with his belief that he must be absolutely disinterested, had disposed of his stock in the Company. He summarized his difficulties and those of the country in further observations:

"Since assuming office on this side, I have been thoroughly disheartened, in the midst of very trying and difficult circumstances, between the Americans, Sioux Indians, and local disturbances on one hand, and the want of encouragement or support by Government on the other hand. . . . No temptation would induce me to continue longer in office, even were it considered desirable that I should continue to hold my appointment. At the same time, Her Majesty's Government cannot continue much longer to ignore this territory. By such a course they are only sowing the seeds of further trouble, which I shall not be sorry to escape."

The wise warnings of Dallas went unheeded; and the Red River Rebellion of 1869-70 tragically proved their value.

Dallas went back to the old country to settle down at his estate of Dunean, Inverness. He was retained by the Hudson's Bay Company for several years, assisting with his wise counsel in straightening out the tangle over British Columbia lands and in smoothing the way for the eventual entry of Rupert's Land into Confederation. There, too, he played an active and important part in determining the dispute over British Columbia's capital city in favour of Victoria.

So it was that when old Sir James Douglas stood at the doorstep of Dunean, and held out his hand to Alexander Grant Dallas, who willingly gripped it, there was gladness and satisfaction in the hearts of two men who had played their part in the making of the Empire and the building of Canada. ◆

The house at Dunean, Inverness, where Dallas retired after his service with the Company. This picture, and those of her parents, together with much of the material for this article, were provided by Mrs. E. Rickards, the Governor's daughter, who remembers her grandfather coming to Dunean on the occasion referred to above.

Ogden's Snake Country Journals

A review of the thirteenth volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society

by Dorothy O. Johansen

NO volume so far issued by the Hudson's Bay Record Society is a disappointment to the scholar or general reader in the field of the fur-trade. *Ogden's Snake Country Journals, 1824-26*, fulfill one's anticipations of another praiseworthy accomplishment. Although W. Kaye Lamb set a standard of excellence for introductions in the three volumes of *McLoughlin's Vancouver Letters* which few can equal, Burt Brown Barker's introduction to this volume, while platitudinous, is competent. The notes of Robert Sawyer and Lewis A. McArthur on the geography of Ogden's travels leave nothing to be desired and are in keeping with the high quality of scholarship expected of the Society's publications. This volume contains the hitherto unpublished journal of 1824-25, the complete and corrected version of the 1825-26 journal, William Kittson's journal of the 1824-25 expedition—a welcome addition to those who follow the trader's reports—and some correspondence relative to the Snake expeditions.

Between 1824 and 1829 Chief Trader Peter Skene Ogden made five expeditions into what was called the Snake Country. His description of that region illustrates the indefiniteness of its boundaries and the general lack of information concerning it. In 1826 he described it as "bounded on the North by the Columbia waters On the South by the Missourie, On the West by the Spanish Territo[ries] and the East by the Saskatchewan Tribes." (Introduction, p. xxv.) The first and second expeditions took him by different routes into the region of southern Idaho, the Bear River country, and near, if not to, the Great Salt Lake; the third expedition was into the drainage basins of the Klamath and Malheur rivers of central and southern Oregon; and the fourth and fifth were into the Humboldt country and northern California. All of these were considered as pertaining to the Snake Country.

According to Governor George Simpson, leadership of these expeditions was the "most hazardous and disagreeable office in the Indian Country" for which "no Volunteer could be found . . . among the Commissioned Gentlemen . . ." (Frederick Merk, *Fur Trade and Empire*, pp. 45-46.) Peter Skene Ogden, as a Northwester, had been a thorn in the flesh of the old Hudson's Bay Company and at the time of the Union was excluded from the reorganized Company. He was a man of mercurial temperament whose activities as a young man at Isle à la Crosse, according to Ross Cox, "would not stand a strict investigation in Banco Regis." Simpson's characterization of him in 1832 probably reflected much of the ill-repute which hung about him in the eyes of those who had known him as an opponent in those strenuous days of bitter rivalry: "Has been very Wild and thoughtless and is still fond of coarse practical jokes, but with all his appearance of thoughtlessness he is a very cool calculating fellow who is capable of anything to gain his own ends. . . . In fact I consider him one of the most unprincipled Men in the Indian Country." Whether unprincipled or not, Ogden was known as the terror of Indians, and the Snake Country was one which needed a man with such a reputation. Furthermore, it was rumored that Ogden, who had spent at least five years in the Oregon Country, might, if ignored by the Company, set up an opposition to them there. For all these reasons Simpson found it expedient to recommend Ogden's admission to the Company, his appointment as chief trader at Spokane House and leader of the Snake Country expeditions. Ogden accepted the terms of the admission which he wanted very much indeed.

Simpson expected a great deal from the man for whom he had so little good to say; he expected a great deal also from the expeditions this man was to lead. Simpson was determined to overcome the Committee's indifference to the Columbia Department which, under the North West Company, had operated at a deficit. To build up a prettier picture of the region it was necessary to show profitable hunts and the Snake River country was reported a rich preserve of beaver. But it was also an area with political significance and on this fact Simpson placed a strong emphasis.

The Company had, in 1824, relinquished its intention to hold any part of the Oregon Country south of the Columbia. But Simpson had no illusions about holding any of the region as a hunting preserve or commercial depot, if along its periphery rich beaver grounds attracted American traders. So, the reported richness of the Snake Country invited expeditions to hunt the beaver ". . . which for political reasons we should endeavor to destroy as fast as possible." (Merk, *Fur Trade and Empire*, pp. 45-46.) It was Ogden's task to trap-out this region and make it unattractive to rival American hunters.

Of the first expedition, that of 1824-25, there has been available only a summary letter of Ogden's which Frederick Merk published in an article appearing in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* and the *Oregon Historical Quarterly* in June 1934. On the basis of his reading of this letter, Professor Merk decided the first expedition to have been the "most significant," and when he failed to find the original journal among the documents in the archives, he assumed it to have been mislaid, or "it may have been, at the time it was received, suppressed." (Merk, "Snake

Country Expedition, 1824-25, an Episode of Fur Trade and Empire," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, June 1934, p. 102.) The publication of this journal then is a tardy refutal of Professor Merk's suggestion of suppression and Mr. Rich goes out of his way in the preface to point out that, while the maps accompanying it were lost, the journal was properly catalogued and merely overlooked by Professor Merk and Miss Laut. "It would be quite purposeless at any stage for the Company or the Record Society to 'suppress' the maps and preserve the Journal."

Immediately a number of questions come to mind. For example, why did Professor Merk consider the first Snake expedition to be the most significant, and why did he believe the journal may have been suppressed? The implication is that some political skull-duggery was afoot and that its revelation would shake the foundations of something or other. Mr. Barker labours to give the journal significance when he points out that the competition of the Americans was "not only a competition for furs but it was a contest involving colonization," and to support his view he quotes from Simpson's letter to McLoughlin in 1827: "The greatest and best protection we can have from opposition is keeping the country closely hunted as the first step that the American government will take toward Colonization is through their Indian Traders and if the country becomes exhausted in Fur bearing animals they can have no inducement to proceed further." (Introduction, xliii.)

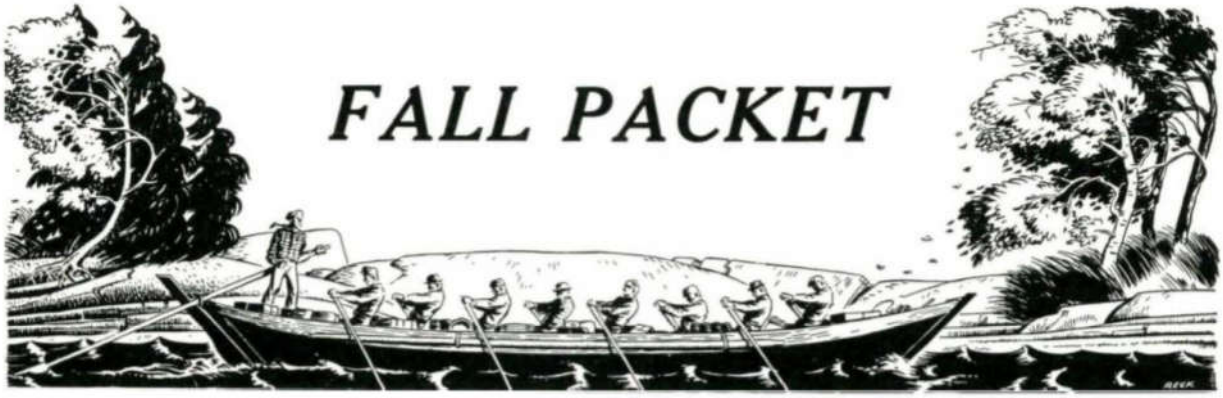
Merk called this the erection of a *cordon sanitaire* by which Simpson hoped to protect that region to which he believed England would limit her claims, that is, the portion of the present state of Washington lying west of the Columbia River. It would appear then that Ogden's first journal is important because it reveals the first effort of the company to enforce Simpson's policy. But it was also important, one must assume, because on that expedition Ogden not only trespassed on American soil by crossing the continental divide to the headquarters of the Missouri River, but in Utah he met with American trappers and lost men and goods to them. That this occurred on territory actually belonging to the Mexican government was overlooked by both Americans and Ogden and is some evidence to support the claim that neither party knew where it was in connection with lines of international demarcation. But for reasons of political history of the west, Merk believed this expedition important and the journal of it suppressed.

Any event, any fact, any occurrence in history can be made important if one wishes to make it so. Actually, however, this much disputed journal does not warrant the fuss and to-do about it. The incident of the desertion of Ogden's men to the Americans in 1825 does not justify Mr. Barker's contention that it was an American "victory" over the British, and that the failure of Ogden's men to desert in 1826 was part of the "ebb and flow of American fortunes in the far west." Mr. Rich's closing remarks in his preface more nearly approximate this reviewer's estimate of the importance of the journal and the incident it describes: ". . . a forthright and effective episode of the fur-trade frontier; unashamedly aimed at making American pressure on the frontier less lucrative and less forceful. The main methods and objectives have not been in doubt; the details explain the difficulties and underline the problems but do not alter them."

If we consider the Ogden journals for what they were, a report of the activities and events of expeditions in the field, they are nevertheless highly significant commentaries on the problems of monopolistic versus free competitive trade. In this light the desertion of Ogden's men is understandable in the terms with which he himself explained it: when the Americans offered high prices for furs, "our freemen could not resist such tempting terms compared to ours." (Ogden to Simpson, 12 November 1825, quoted in Merk, "Snake Country Expedition . . ." *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, June 1934, p. 118.) Ogden was well aware of the penny-pinching and near-sighted policy by which freemen were indebted to the Company without hope of relief. Furthermore, in spite of the fact that these same freemen were rascals and damned villains to him, Ogden was sympathetic with them when they were ill-shod, ill-clothed, and starving in the bitter winter weather of the Snake country; nor was he indifferent to those qualities of character which permitted the trapper to become enmeshed in the life he led.

In his journal of 1826-1827, probably more revealing of Ogden's personality and ideas than any other, we find him referring to the life of the trapper as a life that "makes a young man sixty in a few years. . . . A convict at Botany Bay is a gentleman at ease compared to my trappers. Still they are happy. A roving life suits them. They would regard it as a punishment to be sent to Canada. God grant some kind friend to succeed me, and I would steer my course from whence I came although I am a Canadian." (T. C. Elliott, ed. "The Peter Skene Ogden Journals ,1826-27," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, June 1910, p. 216.)

One might read much into this last sentence, particularly if one recalls that Ogden was but one generation removed from an American colonial background. But the whole passage indicates a weariness of the trade and a desire to escape the rigours and restraints of it. It is interesting to note that the only other chief trader commissioned to expeditions equally hazardous as Ogden's and whose journals have been published, found occasion to lament in almost similar vein. John Work was rewarded with promotion and he settled into the harness with equanimity thereafter; eventually Ogden's qualities made him a ranking official in the Department, and he too settled down into a pattern of rectitude which made him one of the best loved of the Company's employees. But the point is that, whether freeman and damned rascal, or gentlemen and unprincipled, employees of the Company were equally desirous of bettering their condition and status. We cannot prove, however, that in the free-competitive market the Americans Joe Meek, Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, or their kind succeeded any better. ◆



FALL PACKET

Eskimo Carvings

James Houston, whose article on Eskimo carving appeared in the June *Beaver*, believes that the finest contemporary art in Canada is that being produced in the Eastern Arctic. He is not alone in this belief. Ever since his first expedition a growing interest has manifested itself in the work of Eskimo carvers. The first shipment to the Montreal shop of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild was sold out in three days. Now a resumé of Mr. Houston's *Beaver* article, illustrated with photos by Bert Beaver, has appeared in *Newsweek* (July 23rd) and there is every reason to believe that the result will be to stimulate and encourage further this co-operative effort between the Guild and the Eskimo of the Eastern Arctic.

Except to a knowledgeable few, the work coming out of the Arctic is cloaked in anonymity. But it is to be hoped that in the future names like Amidilak, Syoolie, and Akee-ak-ta-shook will be known and honoured as Canadian artists who are making a very real contribution to the culture of this country.

The first experiment undertaken by the Guild was an encouraging success and Mr. Houston's other trips have shown this to be no temporary interest. Quite apart from the assistance which it will give to the Eskimo in providing a new and profitable outlet for his talents, the awareness of the need to preserve and encourage the indigenous art of this country should help to guarantee the future of Eskimo carving. The Handicrafts Guild which is doing so much to stimulate and preserve this aspect of Canadian culture is to be congratulated. ◆

Nechilik

As we go to press a little seventy-five-foot steel vessel is making her way along the Alaskan coast bound for the Arctic Ocean. She has come all the way from St. John, New Brunswick, and through the Panama Canal with a crew of five. New York was her first port of call, and the papers there made much of the fact that this tiny ship was going round North America up to the roof of the world. ("Toot-toot for Tuk-tuk!" read one headline.)

Built in Port Arthur on Lake Superior for the Royal Canadian Navy nine years ago, and later used for fishing, she was bought by the Company last year to replace the supply vessel *Nigalik* and renamed *Nechilik* (Eskimo for "seal"). Of 84 tons gross, with an 18-foot beam, she has a draught when loaded of only five feet, so will easily be able to get through to Spence Bay, the most easterly of the Company's Western Arctic posts. Skippered by Capt. Charlie Kelloway, who used to be the chief officer of the Western Arctic's larger supply ship, *Fort Hearne*, she is at present bound for Reid Island off the southwest coast of Victoria Island—the smallest vessel ever to make the long voyage from the Atlantic to the Arctic via the Pacific. ◆

We Have With Us . . .

Frank Conibear, formerly of Fort Smith, N.W.T., is the author of "The Water Trio" and "The Wise One." . . . *Ben East* of Holly, Michigan, is a well-known outdoor writer of the United States. . . . *Peter Freuchen*, celebrated Danish explorer and writer first went into Greenland in 1906, and was with three of the Thule expeditions between 1910 and 1924. He is the author of several books and many articles on the Arctic, and has lectured extensively on the Far North. . . . *H. Albert Hochbaum*, Ph.D., author and illustrator of "The Canvasback on a Prairie Marsh," is director of the Waterfowl Research Station at Delta, Manitoba ("Beaver" March 1951). . . . *Dorothy O. Johansen*, Ph.D., is professor of history at Reed College, Portland, Oregon. . . . *Alice M. Johnson* is archivist of the Hudson's Bay Company. . . . *Ernest A. Kehr* is stamp editor of the New York "Herald-Tribune." . . . *L. A. Learmonth* served the Company for many years in the Far North and is now doing free-lance Arctic research. . . . *Douglas Leechman* is senior archaeologist with the National Museum of Canada. . . . *Barbara H. Marshall* of Seattle was brought up among the totem poles of Alaska and took her M.A. in anthropology at the University of Michigan. . . . *Bruce A. McKelvie*, widely known writer of Victoria, B.C., is an ex-president of the B.C. Historical Association. . . . *Peter Scott*, who is probably the world's best-known wildfowl artist, is founder and director of the Severn Wildfowl Trust, and the author and illustrator of several books. He is the son of Capt. R. F. Scott of Antarctic fame. . . . *Paul F. Sharp*, Ph.D., is professor of history at Iowa State College. . . . *Ted Tadda* of the Canadian National Telegraphs, lives at Cranberry Portage, Manitoba. His fine nature photographs appear in the "Beaver" from time to time. ◆

BOOK REVIEWS

TOTEM POLES by Marius Barbeau, Volume I. King's Printer, Ottawa, 1951.

THE totem poles of the Northwest Coast represent perhaps the most unique and distinctive decorative style found among an aboriginal people anywhere. This art is rapidly becoming extinct and with the exception of a few erected under the auspices of the British Columbian and Alaskan governments, totem poles are no longer being carved.

Dr. Barbeau has attempted to draw together all the available material on totem poles so as to present a comprehensive view of the art in relation to the social and religious customs of their makers. This first volume is concerned with the totem pole in respect to its origin, clan relationships, and traditions, and the completed two volumes will include all the totem poles, house posts, and mortuary columns of Alaska and British Columbia. The primary emphasis is upon the poles carved by the Tsimsyan of the British Columbia coast, the Haida of the Queen Charlotte Islands and the southermost islands of Alaska, and the Tlingit of southeastern Alaska. In these three areas totem pole carving received its greatest development and it is Dr. Barbeau's opinion that the art originated either among the Haida or the Nass River Tsimsyan. The only group of poles which will not be included in this study are those of the Gitksan which have been dealt with by the author in *Totem Poles of the Gitksan*, Bulletin No. 61, National Museum of Canada, 1929.

According to Dr. Barbeau the figures carved on totem poles showed the crests of the owner and usually illustrated myths and traditions associated with his family and clan. The object in showing crests was to enhance the prestige of the owner and his relatives and to make known their vested rights and privileges. These crests were the exclusive property of individuals and families and the rights to use them were jealously guarded. Among the most common crests used were the Eagle, Raven, Wolf, Frog, Killer Whale, Bear, and Thunderbird, as well as numerous others of lesser importance.

Although the single figure carvings of the Kwakiutl and Nootka are discussed, the more elaborate poles of the northern tribes have received the most emphasis, and among these latter peoples, Tsimsyan poles and associated traditions have assumed first place in this volume.

The material on these Tsimsyan poles is by far the best in the volume for it is to this area that Dr. Barbeau has devoted most of his efforts. There are certain portions on Tlingit and Kaigani Haida poles which your reviewer feels to be inadequate and in several instances actually incorrect. At least one Haida pole has erroneously been classified as Tlingit (p. 69) and three poles ascribed to Klukwan in northern Tlingit country are actually Kaigani Haida poles both in art style and geographic location (p. 201). Altogether your reviewer has found some dozen errors of this general nature and feels that Dr. Barbeau could profitably have consulted Tlingit and Kaigani specialists concerning the pole types of those areas.

In addition there are inconsistencies in bibliographic reference as well as a considerable number of mislabelled illustrations. It is to be hoped that these errors and inconsistencies will be corrected in Volume II.

On the whole the book represents a monumental piece of work and is indeed a contribution to the study of Northwest Coast culture. While the author's style is perhaps a bit complicated for the general reader there is much valuable material presented which is of interest to readers concerned with the art and culture of the Northwest Coast.

—*Barbara H. Marshall.*

RED RIVER RUNS NORTH! by Vera Kelsey. Harper & Bros., New York, 1951. 297 pages.

DEEP in the heart of North America and equidistant from Arctic and Gulf, Atlantic and Pacific lies the valley of the Red River of the North. Though little known to outsiders, the history of this prairie valley is much like the flow of its clay-toned river, placid and peaceful most of the time but capable of a rushing, swirling violence that hurdles its low, narrow banks to sweep everything before it.

To tell the story of this valley from its prehistoric origins to the twentieth century is a challenging task made more difficult by political developments which placed the region under two flags and divided it into three political units. But Vera Kelsey, daughter of the valley and author of widely read mystery stories and popular magazine articles, accepted this exacting assignment with great enthusiasm to write a fast-moving, popular history guaranteed to keep its readers interested until the final and fascinating story of the building of the Metropolitan Opera House in Grand Forks. Moreover, the story is told without national bias.

Across the pages of the book move the men who sought out the valley and gave it importance in human affairs—the warlike Sioux, the intrepid fur-traders, the colourful *voyageurs*, the *Metis*, the empire builders and finally the patient farmers. Colourful descriptions of the institutions they created add vigour and fascination to their stories. Here is related the growth of the fur trade, its rivalries and its importance in exploring and developing the valley; the efforts at settlement by Lord Selkirk and by pioneers south

of the International Boundary; the "natural" economic ties which led to the Red River carts, steamboating on the Red and to railroad building; agricultural occupation with its ephemeral bonanza farming; and the political institutions which emerged to give stability and democracy to this "Nile valley of North America."

All this is developed within an interpretative theme which is both stimulating and provocative. Vera Kelsey sees the valley as a focus of imperial and economic rivalries which at times pitted France against Britain, Britain against the United States, the Hudson's Bay Company against the North-West Company, Jim Hill against Jay Cooke and farmers against the hazards of the river, locusts, frosts, hail and monopolies. But the valley also served as an important bridge between East and West, between Canada and the United States. Through it all, the valley is treated as possessing a regional economic unity which persisted though men drove political boundaries which split it asunder.

This is all to the good. Unfortunately, in carrying out this grand theme the author has committed most of the errors open to careless historical scholarship. Simple facts, such as names and dates, are often incorrect. Louis XIV, for example, is represented as having sent Champlain to the St. Lawrence in 1603. Obviously this was impossible since Louis was not born until 1639. The reorganization of the North-West Company in 1783 is treated as if it were the initial organization. The name Pierre has given the author particular trouble. Pierre Esprit Radisson is always Esprit Radisson and Pierre Parrant (Pig's Eye) becomes Charles Parrant.

Inaccuracy mars the narration of such stories as those of Radisson and Groseilliers, the Red River Rebellion and the founding of St. Paul. The Kensington Rune Stone story and the white Indian Falcon tale are integral parts of the book, thus leaving the distinction between historical fact and legend a very fine one. Careful reading of the recent studies cited in the bibliography would have avoided these and other errors.

Equally important to serious students of the Red river valley are the sins of omission. Treatment of the agricultural development of the valley is extremely sketchy. Little mention is made of land policy and none of the decisive struggle to find suitable crops for the northerly latitude. Political developments, especially the agrarian protests which swept the valley, are inadequately treated. Valley farmers in politics are discussed without mention of T. A. Crerar or A. C. Townley!

This reviewer, also a native of the valley, cannot accept many of the author's interpretations. Are residents of the valley really less informed of their history than other North Americans? Does a higher percentage of young men and women, "wrapping their green-as-lettuce talents in a shiny new B.A.," leave the valley, than from other agricultural regions? Is the explanation for less lawlessness in the history of the valley due to the inherent qualities of its settlers, or because it was spared the gold-fever, Cattle Kingdom and Indian barrier characteristic of the plains to the west?

This is a pleasant evening's entertainment which may excite popular interest in the history of the Red River valley. But as an historical study, *Red River Runs North!* should be read with the addition of a sizeable grain of salt.

—*Paul F. Sharp.*

WONDERS OF WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHY, introduction by G. K. Yeates, F.R.P.S. Country Life Ltd., London (British Book Service, Toronto.) 1950. 96 pages.

HERE is another of the beautiful picture books which this London firm puts out from time to time. It consists of selections from the second *Country Life* International Exhibition, and presents some really astonishing shots of wild animals in their natural haunts. The photos can be divided roughly into three groups—those which are scientifically interesting, those which are pictorially beautiful, and those which are both.

Perhaps by a coincidence one of the best and one of the worst have been placed opposite each other—a magnificent (and very lucky) shot of a roaring red deer and a little roebuck in Germany, beautifully lighted by the early morning sun; and a distant snap of a somnolent moose in Alaska, enlarged so much that every outline is blurred.

African animals naturally provide some of the most thrilling subjects for the nature photographer—elephants, lions, crocodiles, rhinos, giraffes, hippos, and so on: but there is a good group of penguins, albatrosses, and sea-elephants from Antarctica, and some much closer to home which show what striking studies can be made of familiar creatures. The only Canadian picture in the series is the well known group of musk-oxen in defence formation, which is not credited to an individual, as all the rest are, but to the National Museum. This is one of the very few poor reproductions. A much better one of this same picture appeared in the *Beaver* some years ago.

Nature studies differ from studio photographs mainly in the amount of preparation and patience required to make them. Out of doors you cannot arrange background and lighting to suit your taste. You must make the best of the situation and, like the photographer of the red deer and the roebuck, you must often be quick on the trigger before your subject vanishes into the tall timbers.

What a feeling of elation, for instance, the photographer of the ibex in the Alps must have experienced, when after a long tiring climb lugging a heap of equipment to 10,000 feet, he saw those alert faces peering at him through his finder. And what breathless trepidation the photographers of the lions and rhinos and elephants must have felt as they watched their fearsome subjects move towards them—a feeling only equalled, perhaps, by the excitement they experienced when they first held the developed films up to the light, and knew that their long labours had been crowned with success.—*Ted Tadda.*

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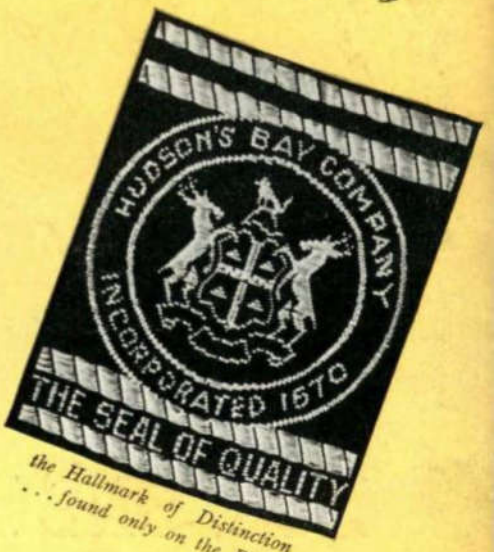

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